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GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

BY HENRY T. FINCH.



ERHAPS it is not generally known that Mr. Theodore Thomas some years ago entertained the project of reviving German opera in New York, in a manner that should eclipse all previous operatic enterprises in this country. It was his intention to give in the leading American cities a series of performances of Wagner's Nibelung Tetralogy, and he looked forward to this as the crowning achievement of his busy life. For years he never gave a concert without having at least one Wagner selection on the programme, no matter how much some of the critics and patrons protested. In 1884 he considered the public sufficiently weaned of Italian sweets to stand a strong dose of Wagner; so he imported the three leading singers of the Bayreuth festivals—Materna, Winkelmann, and



HERR SEIDL.

Scaria—for a number of festival concerts. The extraordinary success of these concerts seemed to indicate that the time was ripe for a complete theatrical production of Wagner's later music dramas, and Mr. Thomas was already elaborating his plans, when an accident frustrated them and took the whole matter out of his hands.

This accident was the signal failure of Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House



STRITT AS LOHENGRIN.

during the first season of its existence. As Mr. Abbey lost over a quarter of a million dollars by this disaster, no other manager could be found willing to take his place and risk another fortune. Since Mr. Abbey's company included several of the most popular artists—Nilsson, Sembrich, Scalchi, Campanini, Del Puente, etc., and his repertory embraced the usual popular operas, the conclusion seemed inevitable that the public wanted a complete change. Dr. Damrosch was accordingly appealed to at the eleventh

hour, and he hastened to Germany and brought over a company that scored an immediate success, surprising even to those who had long advocated the establishment of a German opera in New York. And this success became still more pronounced in the following seasons, when a better company was secured, with Herr Seidl as conductor.

Perhaps it is fortunate that Mr. Thomas's project was never realized. Had he suc-



FRÄULEIN BRANDT IN "THE PROPHET."

ceeded, New York and several other cities would no doubt have enjoyed a series of interesting Wagner performances for one or two seasons; but after the first curiosity had been satisfied, it is very likely that the enterprise would have come to an end for lack of funds. For it is a well-established fact that grand opera, if given with the best singers, artistic scenery, and an orchestra of sixty to one hundred men, cannot be made self-supporting, however generously the public may contribute to it. The Paris opera is kept afloat by means of an annual subsidy of eight hundred thousand francs, and the



SCHOTT AS TANNHÄUSER.



ORTRUD AND ELSA. ("LOHENGRIN.")

imperial opera houses of Berlin and Vienna, although similarly endowed, are burdened with large annual deficits which have to be covered by additional contributions from the imperial exchequers. New York can hardly claim so large a public interested in high-class opera as Vienna and Berlin; hence it would be unreasonable to expect that grand opera should fare better here. It was, therefore, one of the most lucky accidents in the history of American music that the Metropolitan Opera House was built, in opposition to the Academy of Music, by a number of the richest people in New York, who had made up their minds to spare no cost to make it successful and to annihilate the rival house. Having once

built the new opera house, it became necessary to continue giving in it the only kind of opera adapted to the vast dimensions of its auditorium, unless the stockholders should become willing to pay the high annual rent without any return at all. And thus German opera has been established in New York, if not for all time, at least for years to come.

The fact cannot be too much emphasized that, properly speaking, there is *no deficit* at the Metropolitan Opera House. True, the total expenses of last year's operatic season were about four hundred and forty-two thousand dollars, and the receipts only two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, thus necessitating an assessment of two thousand

five hundred dollars on each stockholder. But it must be borne in mind that this assessment simply represents the sum that the stockholders paid for their boxes. As there were forty-five subscription nights, and as each box holds six seats, the price of each was nine dollars, which can hardly be deemed too much for the best seats in the house, considering that outsiders have to pay ten dollars for these same seats, or sixty dollars for a box. A large part of the assessment (about one thousand dollars for each stockholder) would remain for covering the general expenses of the building (including the mortgage bonds), even if no opera were given at all; and surely the box-holders would be foolish if they refused to pay the extra sum (four dollars and eighty-eight cents for each seat), which insures them forty-five evenings of social and musical entertainment. To persons of their wealth this extra sum is, after all, a mere trifle; and it enables them to bask in the proud consciousness of taking the place,

in this country, of royalty abroad in supporting a form of art that has always been considered preëminently aristocratic.

Some of the stockholders make no secret of the fact that they would very much prefer Italian to German opera, which is Sanskrit to them; and every year, at the directors' meetings, the question of reviving Italian opera is warmly debated. There is also a considerable number of amateurs, editors, and correspondents who are eagerly waiting for some signs showing that German opera is losing ground, so that they may raise a war whoop in behalf of Italian opera. But the powers that rule the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House are too wise to heed the arguments of these prophets. They know that Italian opera can never again be successfully revived in New York, and that the only alternative for the present lies between German opera and no opera at all. Signor Angelo and Mr. Mapleson were as unsuccessful in their last efforts in behalf of Italian opera as Mr. Abbey. And although Mme. Patti fared better last winter, it was only because a large number of people believed that she *really* was singing in New York for the last time; for when she returned a fortnight later for *another* "farewell," the sale of seats was so small that the spoiled prima donna refused to sing, and only one performance was given instead of two.

The lovers of vocal tight-rope dancing and threadbare orchestral accompaniments who insist that Wagner is merely a fashion, and that ere long there will be a return to the saccharine melodies of Rossini and Bellini, show thereby that they have never studied the history of the opera. This history teaches a curious lesson, viz., that operas which had a great vogue at one time and subsequently lost their popularity can *never* be galvanized into real life again. What has become of the threescore and more operas of Donizetti, and the forty of Rossini—some of which for years monopolized the stage so com-



NIEMANN AS SIEGMUND.



BRÜNNHILDE APPEARS TO SIGMUND AND SIEGLINDA—IN "DIE WALKÜRE."

pletely the world over that Weber and Beethoven were ignored even in Vienna and the German capitals? They are dead, and all efforts to revive them have been futile. These operas had sprung into *sudden* popularity, whereas "Fidelio," "Euryanthe," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser," which for years had to fight for every inch of ground, are now masters of the situation, and gaining in popularity every year. And this brings us to the second lesson taught by the history of the opera—that the works that thus had to *fight* their way into the hearts of the public are the immortal operas that are sure to gain more and more favor as years go by. Moreover, the statistics of German opera houses

show that Wagner's operas, from the "Flying Dutchman" to the "Nibelung's Ring," have been gaining in popularity and frequency of repetition, year by year, with a constancy that might almost be expressed with mathematical exactness by means of a *crescendo*: <. And we are by no means at the biggest end of the *crescendo* yet. For there are scores of cities where Wagner would be even more popular than he is, were it not for the woeful rarity of competent dramatic singers and conductors.

There is, therefore, no hope for the *Italianissimi*, who sigh for their macaroni arias and their "Ernani" and "Gazza Ladra" soup. Italian opera has ceased to exist in New York, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and even in Italy dramatic music of the modern school is gradually driving out the old-fashioned lyric and florid opera: for it is a significant fact that this year's prospectus of the Scala at Milan contains as its principal attractions "Lohengrin" and "The Queen of Sheba."

In New York, moreover, the press is practically unanimous in favor of German opera, and the press, as a rule, is omnipotent in theatrical matters. I am convinced, for instance, that one of the principal reasons why Wagner was more rapidly acclimated in New York than in the German capitals is that most of the leading German critics are old men—too old to submit readily to Wagner's revolutionary tendencies; whereas in New York all the critics are young men, who only needed to hear a few good performances of Wagner's operas to be filled with an enthusiasm for them, with which many of their readers could not help being infected.

Still another important point must be borne in mind: the fact that the vastness of the Metropolitan auditorium makes it impossible to hear the weak voices and the thin scores of Italians to advantage. *Ergo*, if this house remains the center of music in New York, there can be no question that, as I have just stated, the prospect for the next



LILLI LEHMANN AS BRÜNNHILDE.



THE PARTING OF WOTAN AND BRÜNNHILDE. (DIE WALKÜRE.)

decade or two is, *either German Opera or No Opera.*

A series of interviews recently published in the newspapers showed that the indifference of the stockholders to German music has been greatly exaggerated; and the vote that was taken on January 27 stood forty to nine in favor of continuing German opera, with an assessment of three thousand two hundred dollars on each box. Not a few of the stockholders would indeed prefer "Siegfried" to "Ernani," even if "Ernani" could be depended on for as large audiences as Wagner's opera, which is far from being the case; and I have myself heard some of them confess that after repeatedly hearing

Wagner's later operas, they discovered in them a constant stream of melody where all had seemed to them at first a mere chaos of sound. Some of the stockholders, on the other hand, are so absolutely unmusical that they do not know the meaning of the words "tenor" and "soprano," and if blindfolded could not tell if "Faust" or "Aïda" was being sung. (This is a real fact that I might prove by an amusing anecdote, were it not too personal.) To this class of stockholders what difference can it make whether they have German or Italian opera? They merely go to the opera because it is a very fashionable thing to do so, and because the ownership of an opera-box confers on them a social dis-



SIEGFRIED AND BRÜNHILDE—IN "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

tion almost equal to an order, or a title of nobility, in foreign countries.

Many of the stockholders have converted the ante-rooms to their boxes into luxurious parlors, into which they can retire and talk if the music bores them. But, unfortunately, there are some black sheep among them and their invited guests who do not make use of this privilege, but give the rest of the audience the benefit of their conversational accomplishments. The parquet often resents these interruptions, and hisses lustily until quiet is restored. There are not a few lovers of music who, although able to pay for parquet seats, frequent the upper galleries for fear of being annoyed by the conversation in the boxes. In the highest gallery the quiet of a tomb reigns supreme, and woe to any one who comes late, or whispers, or turns the leaves of his score too noisily: he is immediately pierced with a volley of indignant hisses.

It must be admitted, however, that there is much less talking in the opera house at present than there was a few years ago. This difference is especially noticeable on Wagner nights, and the change is simply one of the numerous operatic reforms introduced by Wagner and his followers. It must be borne in mind that in Italian opera conversation frequently is not at all out of place, but is a factor of the entertainment *recognized even by the composer*. Wagner brings out this point clearly in the following remarks: "In Italian opera," he says, "the public gives its attention only to the most brilliant numbers sung by the popular prima donna or her vocal rival; the rest of the opera it ignores almost entirely, and devotes the evening to mutual visits in the boxes and loud conversation. This attitude of the public led the composers of yore to confine their efforts at artistic creation to the solo numbers referred to, and to fill up deliberately all intermediate portions, the choruses and minor parts, with commonplace and empty phrases that had no other purpose than that of serving as noise to sustain the conversation of the audience."

That this is not an exaggerated statement is shown by an extract from a private letter written by Liszt at Milan. Speaking of the famous Scala Opera House, he says: "In this blessed land putting a serious opera on the stage is not at all a serious thing. A



MAX ALVARY AS SIEGFRIED.

fortnight is generally time enough. The musicians of the orchestra, and the singers, who are generally strangers to each other and get no encouragement from the audience (the latter are generally either chatting or sleeping—in the fifth box *they either sup or play cards*), assemble inattentive, insensible, and troubled with catarrh, not as artists, but as people who are paid for the music they make. There is nothing more icy than these Italian representations. No trace of *nuances*, in spite of the exaggeration of accent and gesture dictated by Italian taste, much less any effect *d'ensemble*. Each artist thinks only of himself, without troubling his thoughts about his neighbor. Why worry one's self for a public that does not even listen?"

In German opera, on the other hand, the orchestral part and the choruses and declamatory sections are just as important as the lyric numbers, and many of the most exquisite passages in the operas of Weber and Wagner are a kind of superior pantomime music during which no voice at all is heard on the stage. Now I am convinced that much of the talking in opera boxes is simply due to ignorance of this fact. Vocal music is much more readily appreciated than instrumental music, and those who

have no ear for orchestral measures do not realize that others are enraptured by them. Hence they talk as soon as the singing ceases, unconscious of the fact that they are greatly annoying those who wish to listen to the orchestra.

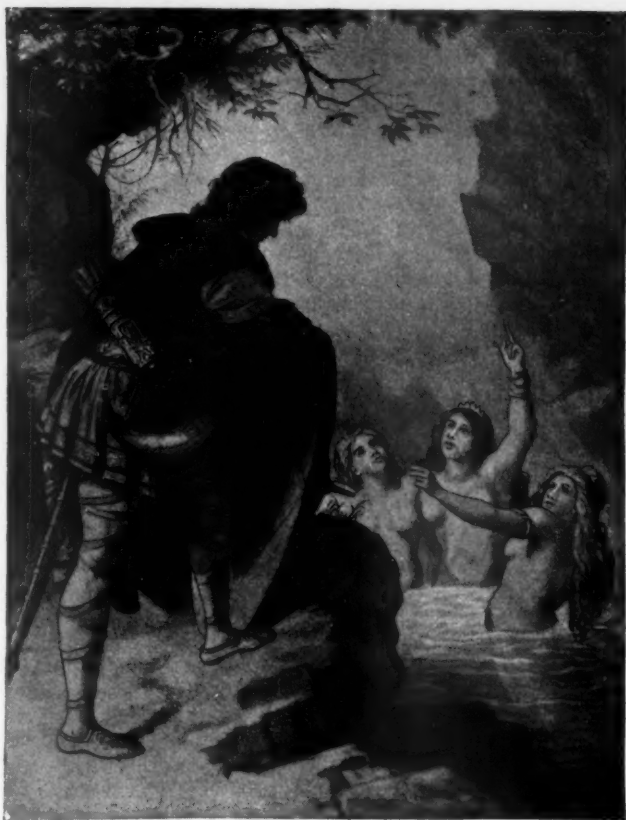
To a large extent the stupid custom of having music between the acts at theaters is responsible for the talking at the opera. For between the acts everybody, of course, wants to talk; and since at the theater the orchestra merely furnishes a sort of background or support for the conversation,

people naturally come to look upon the overtures and interludes and introductions to the second and third acts of an opera in a similar light. Even if *entr'acte* music in theaters were much better than it is commonly, this consideration alone ought to suffice to banish it from the theaters. It degrades the art and spoils the public.

Those of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House who indulge in loud conversation while the music goes on, or who rent their boxes to irresponsible parties, should remember that it is their *pecuniary*



HERR FISCHER AND FRAU KRAUSS IN "DIE MEISTERSINGER."



SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE DAUGHTERS. ("GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.")

interest to preserve quiet. For not a few amateurs, as already stated, are driven to the cheaper parts of the house, or discouraged from going at all, by the annoying conversation; and the losses thus resulting are of course added to their annual assessment.

Again, it ought to be clear to any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the laws of etiquette that to disturb others needlessly in the enjoyment of a dearly purchased pleasure is evidence of very bad manners. Musical people suffer more from such interruptions than persons whose ears are not similarly refined can imagine; for the true colors of a Wagnerian score are as exquisitely delicate and refined as the evanescent films and colors of a soap-bubble, so that the mere rustling of a fan or a programme mars them.

Everybody has heard the story of Handel, who used to get very angry if any one talked in the room, even when he was only giving lessons to the Prince and Princess of Wales. At such times, as Burney relates, the Princess of Wales, with her accustomed mildness and benignity, used to say: "Hush! hush! Handel is in a passion." And Liszt never gave a finer exhibition of his wit and artistic courage than when, at an imperial soirée in the Russian capital, he suddenly ceased playing in the midst of a piece, because the Czar was talking loudly with an officer. The Czar sent an attendant to inquire of Liszt why he stopped; whereupon Liszt retorted that it was the first rule of court etiquette that when the Czar was speaking others must be silent. The Czar never forgave him this well-merited rebuke.

This anecdote has a moral for those who talk loudly at the opera; for it calls attention to the fact that they not only annoy those of the audience who wish to hear the music, but also *insult the artists* on the stage.

The establishment of habitual silence during operatic performances is only one of the beneficial changes introduced in operatic etiquette through German opera. The method of applauding has been revolutionized too. It is no longer customary to interrupt the flow of the orchestral music by applauding a singer. All the applause is now reserved for the end of the acts. I remember a performance of "*Lohengrin*," at the Academy of Music, at which the music was *thrice* interrupted by some ill-bred admirers of Campanini, who applauded him when he first appeared in sight on the swan-boat; again, when he stepped on shore, and a third time when he came to the front of the stage. Now here was one of the most poetic scenes on the whole operatic stage utterly marred for all refined listeners, merely for the sake of showing admiration for a singer which might as well have been expressed later on when the curtain was down. Campanini recognized all these interruptions, and bowed his thanks to the audience.

Quite different was Herr Niemann's behavior when he made his *début* at the Metropolitan Opera House last year. Here was the greatest living dramatic tenor, an artist identified with the cause and the triumphs of Wagner, appearing on a new continent, in the same *role* that he had created at the historic Bayreuth festival of 1876. The house, of course, was packed, and included many old admirers who had heard him abroad, and who, of course, received him with a volley of applause when he staggered into *Hunding's* hut. But Niemann did not acknowledge this applause with a bow or even a smile. He appeared before the public as *Siegmund*, and not as Herr Niemann. But when the curtain was down he promptly responded to the enthusiastic recalls, and was quite willing, and more than willing, to come forward as often as the audience desired and acknowledge their kindness with bowed thanks.

Now, it is to be noted in this case that Herr Niemann did not lose anything by refusing to recognize the applause that greeted him when he first appeared on the stage; on

the contrary, it raised him in the estimation of all whose esteem was worth having; and these applauded him all the more vigorously for his self-denial when the curtain was down. Singers of the old school should take this lesson to heart and ponder it. They imagine success is measured by the number of times they are applauded, and consequently introduce loud, high notes and other claptrap at the end of every solo, if possible. They forget that while they thus secure the applause of the uncultured, real connoisseurs are disgusted, and put them down in their mental note-books as second-rate artists or charlatans.

Those artists who have followed Wagner's precepts, and merged their individuality and personal vanity in their *roles*, have never had occasion to regret their apparent self-sacrifice. They are the only kind of singers now eagerly sought for by managers; and an educated public that does not tolerate applause while the orchestra plays, never fails to vent its pent-up enthusiasm at the end of the act, as has been abundantly proved at the Metropolitan Opera House. A curious episode may be noted sometimes. As soon as the singing has ceased and the curtain begins to descend, a number of people begin to applaud. But the full-blooded Wagnerites wait until the last chord of the orchestra has died away before they join in. The volume of applause is then suddenly multiplied three or four times, to the bewilderment of novices, who do not understand what it all means. It simply means that the concluding strains of Wagner's acts are usually among the most beautiful measures in the whole opera, which it is a pity and a shame to mar by premature applause.

I have often wondered why people, who put on their overcoats during the final measures, are not ashamed thus to advertise their utter lack of artistic sensibility and indifference to other people's feelings. Nor can one wonder, in view of such facts, that the late King of Bavaria preferred to have opera given when no other spectator was in the house.

Wagner does not merely ask his interpreters to scorn the usual methods of securing cheap applause, but he himself avoids them in his compositions with a heroic conscientiousness. There is a story of a well-known English conductor who objected to produce



FUNERAL OF SIEGFRIED—IN "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."



Photographed by Richmond.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

a piece by a noted German composer because it ended *pianissimo*. He was afraid that it would not be applauded if it did not end loudly. Now the finales of Italian operas are habitually constructed on this method. The chorus is brought in at the end, whether the situation calls for it or not, and made to sing as loudly as possible. This stirs up the audience to equally loud applause, and all ends well.

How differently Wagner goes to work! In "Siegfried," which has been the greatest success of this season, there is no chorus at all. The first act ends with *Siegfried's* cleaving of the anvil with the sword which he has just forged before the eyes of the audience; and the third ends with the love duo. In these cases there are only two persons on the stage; and at the end of the second act *Siegfried* is *entirely alone*, and the curtain falls as he mutely follows the bird to the fire-girdled rock on which *Brünnhilde* lies asleep, amid the intoxicating and promising strains of the orchestra. The ending of "Die Walküre" is equally quiet and poetic. *Wotan* has placed poor *Brünnhilde* on a mound of moss, for disobeying his orders, and covered her with her helmet, after plunging her into a magnetic sleep which is to last until a hero shall come to wake her. He strikes the rock with his spear, whereupon a flame breaks out that quickly becomes a sea of fire encircling the rock. Then he disappears in the fire toward the background, and for several minutes there is no one on the stage but the sleeping Valkyrie, and nothing to be heard but the crackling and roaring of the flames, re-echoed in the orchestra; and this is the end of the opera.

One more illustration: The greater part of the second act of "Die Meistersinger" is taken up with *Beckmesser's* serenade, comically interrupted by the songs and the hammering of *Hans Sachs* the cobbler. Toward the end the apprentice *David* sees *Beckmesser*, and imagining he is serenading his sweetheart, assaults and beats him most unmercifully. The noise attracts the neighbors, who all take part in the affray, and the scene culminates in a perfect pandemonium of noise. Now there is hardly an operatic composer who would not have closed the act with this exciting and tumultuous chorus. Not so Wagner. The sound of the watchman's horn

suddenly clears the street, and no one is left but the watchman himself, who timorously toddles up the street with his lantern, while the moon rises above the roofs of the houses, and the muted strings of the orchestra softly and dreamily recall a few of the motives of the preceding scenes. I was sitting next to Professor Paine, of Harvard, at a performance of this opera at the Metropolitan, last year. He had not seen it before, and I shall never forget the expression of surprise on his face when he saw the curtain descending on this dreamy moonlight scene, with a *deserted stage*. He considered it a bold deviation from established operatic customs, and yet he could not for a moment deny that it was infinitely more poetic than the traditional final chorus, with its meaningless noise and pomp.

Not that Wagner despised the chorus, as is sometimes said. He showed in the third act of this same opera, in the scene of the folk-festival, that when a chorus is called for by the situation no one can supply a more inspired and inspiring volume of concerted sound than he. With the possible exception of the last number in Bach's Passion music, I regard the choral music of this act as the most sublime ever written. Here, at any rate, the *vox populi* is divine.

The magnificent quintet in this act of "Die Meistersinger" also affords proof that if Wagner banished concerted music from his later works, it was not because he lacked inspiration for that kind of work. Although extremely Wagnerian in its harmonies, it is one of those numbers which even Wagner's enemies admire. Some years ago I witnessed a curious scene in the Berlin Opera House. According to Wagner's directions, the curtain goes down after this quintet, but the music continues until the scene is changed. Now, on the occasion in question, the quintet evoked so much enthusiasm that a storm of applause arose. The extreme Wagnerites resented this interruption of the music, and began to hiss; whereupon the others redoubled their applause and their calls for an "encore," which finally had to be granted, as the only way of appeasing this paradoxical disturbance in which Wagnerites hissed while the others applauded!

At the Metropolitan Opera House the stage arrangements are so clumsy that it is

necessary to have an intermission of over a quarter of an hour, in order to change this scene. Consequently the last and most popular part of this master-work is never seen till after midnight; and many leave the house annoyed by the long intermission.

And this brings us to the weakest part of German opera. It lasts too long. Wagner is not the only guilty composer. Gounod's "Faust," Weber's "Euryanthe," and most of Meyerbeer's operas, if given without cuts, would last over four hours. But in these cases no irreparable harm is done by a few cuts, whereas in Wagner's operas there are very few bars that can be spared, both on account of their intrinsic beauty and because they are required to keep up the dramatic continuity of the story. Nevertheless, Wagner's operas must be cut, in some cases most unmercifully, as in "Die Götterdämmerung," in which Herr Seidl was obliged to omit the whole of the first prelude—the weirdly grand scene of the three Fates, and the scene between the two Valkyries—merely to prevent the opera from lasting till one o'clock.

Herr Seidl is perhaps the greatest living interpreter of Wagner. He brings to his works the enthusiasm without which they can neither be interpreted nor fully understood; and his enthusiasm proves contagious to the orchestra and the singers. He not only rehearses every bar of the orchestral score with minute care, but each of the vocalists has to come to his room and go through his or her part until he is satisfied. Although he is invariably civil, his men obey him as they would the sternest general, and admiration of his superior knowledge makes them more attentive to their duty than fear ever would. I do not believe German opera would have won its present popularity under any other conductor. One of the traits to which he owes his great success as a Wagner conductor is his instinctive perception of what parts can be omitted with the minimum of injury to the work he is interpreting. Except at Bayreuth, Wagner's later works did not especially prosper at first, because they were either too long or injudiciously cut. Herr Seidl, however, succeeded with them everywhere. One time Wagner wrote to him complaining that he made so many cuts in his operas. But Herr Seidl wrote back, giving his reasons, and ex-

plaining the situation; whereupon he received the laconic telegram from Wagner, "*Schiessen sie los!*" (fire away!).

Eduard von Hartmann, in his recent work, "Philosophie des Schönen," has some just remarks on Wagner's mistake in making his operas so long that conductors are obliged to use the red pencil, which is not always done intelligently; whereas if he himself had undertaken the task of condensing his works their organic unity might have been preserved. True, Wagner did not intend his later works to be incorporated in the regular operatic repertory, but desired them to be sung only on certain festal occasions, as at Bayreuth, where people went with the sole object of hearing music, and with no other business oppressing them for the moment. But at a time when the struggle for existence is so severe as now it was chimerical on Wagner's part to hope that such a plan could be permanently realized. Few musical people can afford to journey to Bayreuth merely to gratify their taste for opera. Hence the Bayreuth festivals, although most delightful from an artistic point of view, have never been financially successful, and it is doubtful if they will be continued after the death of Wagner's widow. Moreover, it would have been a musical calamity to have the treasures of melody and harmony that are stored away in the Nibelung scores reserved for the lucky few who are able to go to Bayreuth. Wagner himself must have felt this when, contrary to his original intention, he gave Neumann permission to perform the Tetralogy (under Seidl's direction) in Germany, Italy and Belgium; and since that time it has been successfully incorporated in the repertory of all the leading German cities, and many smaller ones, such as Weimar, Mannheim, and Karlsruhe.

In Germany the length of Wagner's and Meyerbeer's operas is not so objectionable as here, because there the opera commences at seven, or even at six thirty, and six, if it is a very long one; hence it is all over shortly after ten, and everybody has time to take supper before going to bed. But in New York, where it is not customary to sup, and where the dinner hour is between six and seven, it would hardly be advisable to commence the opera before eight. Nor is the interest in the opera sufficiently general to

inspire the hope that for its sake any change will be made in the hour of dining. The danger rather lies the other way: that the custom of delaying dinner till eight, which is coming into vogue among the English (who care neither for music nor the theater), will be followed in this city.

Now consider the inevitable consequences of having excessively long operas. America has plenty of poor loafers, but few wealthy *rentiers* who spend their days in bed or in idleness, and are therefore insatiable in their appetite for entertainment in the evening. The typical American works hard all day long, whether he is rich or poor, and in the evening his brain is too tired to follow for four hours the complicated orchestral score of a music drama. If he listens attentively, he will be exhausted by eleven o'clock, and the last act, which he might have enjoyed hugely if not so "played out," will weary him so much that he will probably resolve to avoid the opera in the future.

Thus opera suffers in the same way that society suffers: the late hour at which all entertainments begin prevents the "desirable" men who have worked all day, and must be at their work bright and early the next day, from attending parties, balls, and operas.

It must be said, on the other hand, in defense of long German operas, that it is only while they are novelties to the hearer that they fatigue his brain beyond endurance. After they have been heard a few times they cease to be a study that calls for a laborious concentration of the attention, and become a source of pure delight and recreation. The difficulty lies in convincing people of this fact. There are in New York hundreds of persons, who, having read of the rare beauties of "Tristan" or "Siegfried," went to the opera to hear and judge for themselves. Of course, as everything was new to them, they found it hard work to follow all the intricacies of the plot and the music at the same time; hence, their verdict next day was that German opera was "too heavy" for them. These persons cannot be made to believe that if they would only repeat their visits, the labor of listening would be reduced to a minimum and the pleasure increased to enthusiasm. I know a man, one of the cleverest writers for the New York press, a man who can afford to go to the

opera every evening, and who *does* go when Meyerbeer's operas are given, but who absolutely and stubbornly refuses to attend a Wagner performance at the Metropolitan. Why? Because a number of years ago he attended a wretched performance in Italian of "Lohengrin" which bored him! I believe there are many like him in New York.

Mr. Carl Rosa, in an article which appeared in *Murray's Magazine* a year ago, remarks on this topic: "An Englishman, once bored [at the opera] will with difficulty be made to return; and this is the reason why light opera, opera bouffe, and burlesque have their advantage in this country. They are so easy to digest after dinner." And again: "There is no doubt that opera is, to some extent, an acquired taste; but the taste, once imparted, grows rapidly. From personal experience I know that *some of my best supporters had to be dragged to the opera at first, and induced to sit it through.*"

In these remarks lies a valuable hint to the lovers of German opera. The most important thing to do, if opera is to be permanently retained, is to *enlarge the operatic public*. This can only be done by means of a concerted action of all admirers of the opera. Let them keep on, with "damnable iteration," to drum into their friends' heads the fact that if they will only make up their minds to attend one good opera *three or four times in succession* they will become devoted admirers of it the rest of their lives. The friends will finally consent, in pure self-defense, to try the experiment; and in three cases out of four they will become converted and admit that German operatic music is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

There is at present in New York a considerable number of musical Mugwumps, persons who formerly doted on Italian opera, but who now find it tiresome after hearing German opera. The distinguished English psychologist, Mr. James Sully, incidentally speaks of his experiences in regard to Wagner's operas, in his work on "Sensation and Intuition." "Although," he says, "I went to the first performance decidedly prejudiced against the noisy *Zukunftsmusik*, I found that after patient study of these operas I became so susceptible of their high dramatic beauties that I lost much of my relish for the older Italian opera, which began to appear highly unnatural. I heard from other

cultivated Germans—among others from Professor Helmholtz—that they had undergone quite a similar change of opinion with respect to these operas."

Who, on the other hand, has ever heard of a renegade Wagnerite? Such an animal does not exist, and if a specimen could be found, it would pay to exhibit him in a dime museum. The very expression seems a contradiction in terms. Wagner frequently asserted that no one could *understand* his music unless he admired it; and there is truth in this, for only enthusiasm can sharpen the mental faculties sufficiently to enable us to perceive the countless subtle beauties in Wagner's and Weber's scores. M. Saint-Saëns, who is considered the best living score-reader, compares Wagner's scores to those master-works of mediæval architecture which are adorned with sculptured reliefs that must have required infinite care and labor in the chiseling. Now, just as a careless observer of such architectural works hardly notices the lovely figures sculptured on them, so the average opera-goer does not hear the exquisite harmonic and melodic miniature-work in Wagner's music-dramas. But if he has once taken the trouble to study them, he becomes an enthusiast for life; for he constantly discovers new and beautiful details which had previously escaped his notice.

The eighth performance of "Siegfried" this season was one of those events that will always live in the memory of those who were so fortunate as to be present. Every one on the stage and in the orchestra seemed to be inspired, and the audience in consequence was electrified. For my part, although I had heard this music-drama at least a dozen times previously and knew every bar by heart, it seemed as if I had never heard it before, so vividly were all its beauties revealed in the white heat of Conductor Seidl's enthusiasm. All the evening I sat trembling with excitement, and could not sleep for hours afterward. I have for twelve years made a special study of the emotions, but I could not conceive any pleasure more intense and more prolonged than that of listening to such a music-drama. Is not such a pleasure worth cultivating, even if it involves some toil at first? And have not musical people reason to regard with profound pity those poor mortals who can enjoy beauty

only through the medium of their eyes, their ears being deaf to the charms of artistically combined sounds?

At the "Siegfried" performance just referred to the audience fortunately was large; but there have been other performances, equally good, when the audience was meager. On such occasions much of my enjoyment was marred by the melancholy thought that such glorious music should be wasted on empty stalls, when there were thousands of persons in the city who, if they only could have been induced to overcome their prejudices and devote a few hours of previous study to the libretto and the pianoforte-score of these operas, would not only have found them entertaining, but would have enjoyed them rapturously.

The essence and perennial charm of German music lies in its *melodious harmony*. Nothing is more absurd than the notion that there is more melody in Italian than in German music. The only difference is that in Italian music the melody is more prominent, being unencumbered by complicated harmonies and accompaniments, while in German music the melody is interwoven with the various harmonic parts, which makes it difficult to follow at first. But when once this gift has been acquired, it is a source of eternal pleasure. Nor is it so difficult to cultivate the harmonic sense, if one takes pains to hear good music often and *attentively*. I once met a young lady on a transatlantic steamer who frankly confessed she could not see any beauty in certain exquisite Wagnerian and Chopinesque modulations and harmonies which I played for her on the piano. When asked if she did not care for harmony at all, she replied: "Oh, yes! I know a chord which is *simply divine*!" Then she played—what do you fancy?—the *simple major triad*—A flat in the bass, and A flat, C, E flat an octave higher—which is the most elementary of all chords, the very alphabet of music. If she found this commonplace chord "*simply divine*," what would she have said could she have been made to realize that the modulations I had played were as superior to her chord in poetic charm as a page of Shakespeare is to the letters A B C? And she *could* have been made to realize this truth in a few months, under proper instruction.

I have dwelt so long on this matter because

I have come to the conclusion, as already stated, that the greatest problem in connection with German opera is to enlarge the patronage, and induce persons to reserve their judgment of a "heavy" opera until they have heard it two or three times. They will soon find that the word "heavy" is a very relative and changeable term in music. To one who really admires Shakespeare and Homer, a fashionable novel is tedious beyond endurance; just so, to one who can appreciate "Tristan" or "Euryanthe," Verdi's "Ernani" and Bellini's "Norma" are heavy as lead, soporific as opium.

The difficulty of understanding subtle harmonies is perhaps the main reason why English-speaking people are so slow in appreciating and encouraging the opera. But there are two other important reasons which may be briefly referred to—religious rigorism, and a certain predilection for the ornamental style of singing.

No doubt there was a time when the stage was so profligate that the Puritans were justified in tabooing it altogether. But that is not now the case. There are many theaters where plays are given that are not only pure in tone, but exert a refining and educating influence on all who hear them. And as for operas, there is hardly one in the modern repertory that is open to censure on moral grounds. Mr. Carl Rosa refers to the curious fact that when circumstances compel him to give an operatic performance in a hall instead of a theater, the audiences are of quite a distinct character, including many who like opera but do not wish to go to a theater. Now, this general condemnation of the theater because it is often used for frivolous purposes is just as unreasonable as it would be to condemn and avoid all novels because Zola writes novels.

There is, indeed, a positive harm that results from the tabooing of the theater by religious people. Why is so large a proportion of our plays frivolous and vulgar? Because the frivolous and vulgar predominate among theater-goers. If the large number of refined people who avoid the theater were to attend, this proportion might be reversed, and more of the managers would find it profitable to bring out clean and wholesome dramas. Some prominent clergymen have lately expressed themselves in this sense, and it is probable that a reaction is at

hand that will benefit the cause of serious opera. There is absolutely nothing in any of the operas given at the Metropolitan that could not be fitly sung before a Sunday-school audience. Why, then, taboo the opera and jeopardize its existence, leaving the field to the frivolous operettas and farces?

The other obstacle alluded to—the love of coloratur song—is a thing that will cure itself with the advance of musical culture. The Germans and the French have long since turned their backs on the florid variety of vocalists, and the Italians are now following suit. An eminent Italian teacher in New York who has made a specialty of teaching trills and runs and roulades and other vocal circus tricks lately declared that he was tired of this style of singing and began to prefer a more simple and dramatic style. The same is true of the modern Italian composers. It is well known that Boito, Ponchielli, and Verdi in his latest operas, approximate the German style; and their admirers will doubtless ere long adapt their taste to this change. Nevertheless, there are not a few remaining who look upon opera as a sort of vocal acrobatics. They go once or twice to the Metropolitan, and feel defrauded of their money if the prima donna fails to come forward to the prompter's box to run up some breakneck scales, and, having arrived at the top, descend by means of a chain of trills or series of somersaults. Their interest in music is *athletic* (feats of skill), not *aesthetic* (artistic expression of emotions). Yet these people have the impudence to say that German opera is "stupid," forgetting that their case might be analogous to that of the drunkard who thinks the earth is reeling when he is.

This class of opera-goers never tire of abusing such singers as Fräulein Brandt and Herr Niemann because their voices are no longer as mellow as in their youth, and sometimes weaken in a sustained note or swerve for a second from the pitch. Such blemishes are no doubt to be regretted, but they are a hundred times atoned for by the passion and the variety of emotional expression that animate their voices, and by their superb acting. Fräulein Brandt's *Ortrud*, *Eglantine*, and *Fides* will be referred to generations hence as models, as will Herr Niemann's *Tannhäuser*, *Siegfried*, *Cortez*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, etc. New Yorkers must consider themselves for-

tunate in having heard for two seasons the greatest of Wagnerian tenors—even though he is no longer in his prime—the man who sang the title rôle of “Tannhäuser” when that opera was produced in Paris in 1861; who created the part of *Sigmund* in 1876 at Bayreuth; and who, in his way, has done as much to popularize Wagner’s operas as Liszt did during the Weimar period, when people had to go to that city to hear “Lohengrin” and “Tannhäuser,” as they now go to Bayreuth to hear “Parsifal.” It is to be hoped that the unreasonable prejudice against Niemann with a certain class of opera-goers will not prevent him from revisiting us next year, at least for part of the season. He is not only valuable for the sake of his artistic qualities, but because of his enthusiasm for the cause of the best music. Wagner held him in the highest esteem; and he wrote in his review of the Bayreuth festival of 1876 that without Niemann’s devotion and ardor its success would not have been assured. He regretted subsequently that he did not ask Niemann to create the rôle of *Siegfried* in the last drama of the Tetralogy as well as that of *Sigmund* in the second. Thanks to this mistake, New Yorkers had the privilege of hearing Niemann’s *début* in this rôle—at the age of fifty-seven, an age when most tenors have retired on their pension.

Three artists are included in the present company at the Metropolitan whom Mr. Stanton could not dispense with under any circumstances. One of these is Herr Fischer, who, now that Scaria is no more, is beyond comparison the finest dramatic bass on the stage. No Italian could have a more mellow and sonorous voice, and his method has all the conscientiousness, passion, and distinctness of enunciation that characterize the German style. His *Wotan* and his *Hans Sachs*, especially, are marvels of operatic impersonation. Herr Alvary, the second of the vocalists who unite Italian with German merits, is a young singer who has a great future before him, if his *Siegfried*, a most realistic and powerful impersonation, may be argued from. And as for the third of these artists—Lilli Lehmann—her equal cannot to-day be found on the operatic stage. It is very characteristic of the late Intendant of the Berlin theaters—Herr von Hülsen (who waited nine years before he accepted “Lohengrin” for performance, and afterward re-

peated the same *faux pas* with the Nibelung Trilogy)—that he confined Fräulein Lehmann for years to subordinate rôles. Indeed, although she had acquired considerable fame abroad, it may be said that her real career did not begin till she came to New York. Here her rare merits were at once recognized, and instead of resting on her laurels, she has grown more admirable as an actress and singer every year. Her voice has a sensuous beauty that is matchless, and no other prima donna, except Materna, has emotion in her voice so deep and genuine as that which moves us in Lehmann’s *Isolde* and *Brünnhilde*.

She made her *début* in 1866, at Prague, and ten years later sang the small rôles of the first Rhine maiden and the forest bird in “Rheingold” and “Siegfried,” at the Bayreuth festival—little fancying, perhaps, that she would twelve years later be the queen of German opera in America. She takes excellent care of her voice, and never allows the weather to interfere with her daily walk of several miles. Her versatility is extraordinary, for she sings *Norma* and *Valentine* as well as she does *Isolde*. She scouts the idea that Wagner’s music ruins the voice, agreeing on this point with the most famous vocal teacher of the day Madame Marchesi. It is only when Wagner’s music is sung to excess that it injures the voice, according to Fräulein Lehmann, because it requires such extraordinary power to cope with the orchestra. Heretofore she has not always succeeded in holding her own against the full orchestra, but in her latest and greatest impersonation—*Brünnhilde* in “Die Götterdämmerung”—her voice rivaled Materna’s in power without losing a shade of its sensuous beauty, which is always enchanting.

If it were possible to secure half a dozen more singers like Lehmann, Alvary and Fischer, the operatic problem might be regarded as solved. It is the scarcity of first-class acting vocalists that makes opera so expensive, and prevents it from being self-supporting. The number of first-class singers is so small that every manager competes for them, and enables them to charge fancy prices, which are ruinous to any manager who has no government or other support to fall back on.

It is a curious thing, this scarcity of good

singers. We read so much about all professions being overcrowded; and yet here is a profession in which *success literally means millions*, and yet so few come forward in it that managers are at their wits' ends what to do, especially in the case of tenors. Herr Niemann obtains seven hundred and fifty dollars for every appearance; Fräulein Lehmann gets six hundred dollars, and there are singers who are much better paid still because they appear under the star system. Surely this ought to be a sufficient bait to catch talented pupils. How many professions are there in which one can make between five hundred and two thousand dollars in three or four hours?—not to speak of the possibility of winning the great prize—Madame Patti's four or five thousand.

It is sometimes said that the repertory is at fault; but I am convinced that if there were plenty of good singers in the field, many of the operas that were formerly in vogue might be revived successfully—always excepting the flimsy productions of Bellini and Donizetti. It was formerly believed for years that "Lohengrin" was the only one of Wagner's early operas that American audiences cared for. But "Tannhäuser" has, in a few years, become more popular than "Lohengrin," thanks largely to its better staging and interpretation. Owing in a large measure to Fräulein Brandt's *Fides* and Fräulein Lehmann's *Bertha*, Meyerbeer's "Prophète" has been a success here for several years. Spontini's "Cortez," Weber's "Euryanthe," Wagner's "Rienzi," and Beethoven's "Fidelio," are among the most interesting revivals during Mr. Stanton's enterprising régime.

It is a pity "Rheingold" could not have been added to the repertory this year in order to make the performance of the Nibelung Tetralogy complete. Yet, notwithstanding the disadvantage that comes from not being familiar with the events in "Rheingold," the recent performances of the Nibelung dramas "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," with which the season closed, have been regarded by all competent judges not only as the climax of this and all preceding German opera seasons, but as the most important event in the history of music in America.

The daily press has described these dramas so fully that it is not worth while to at-

tempt a *post festum* synopsis in this place. No composer, and few poets, have ever inspired so many artists to visualize on canvas the poetic scenes suggested in Wagner's dramas. A special exhibition of such pictures was held in Vienna some years ago. It is not too much to say that Wagner's scenic backgrounds are as much more artistic than those of other opera composers as his texts are more poetic than theirs. He avoids frequent changes, and generally has only three scenes for an opera. But each of these, if executed according to his directions, is a masterpiece, and impresses itself on the memory like the canvas of a master. The illustrations accompanying this article will give some idea of the imaginative and picturesque character of Wagner's scenes to those who have never seen them.

The performance of the Trilogy in New York has naturally revived among the Wagnerites the question as to which of the master's works is the greatest. Leaving aside "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," which he never surpassed, many regard the first act of "Die Walküre" the most finished of Wagner's creations; and certainly it has a marvelously impressive climax—*Sigmund's* drawing of the sword from the ash tree, and the love duo which follows; and another in *Wotan's* farewell in Act III. But grand as these are, many consider the last act of "Die Götterdämmerung" the supreme achievement of Wagner. The exquisite trio of the Rhine maidens swimming and singing in a picturesque forest scene; the death of *Siegfried*, and the procession that slowly carries his body by the light of the moon up the hill; and the burning of the funeral pyre, at the end, until it is put out by the rising waters of the Rhine bearing the maidens on the surface; these scenes, with the glorious music accompanying, cannot be matched by any act of any other opera. Nevertheless, as a whole, "Siegfried" is, in my opinion, the grandest part of the Trilogy. In no other work of Wagner's is there such a minute correspondence every second, between the poetry, music and scenery. Every action and gesture on the stage is mirrored in the orchestra; and I shall never forget the remark made to me in 1876, at Bayreuth, by a musician, that in "Siegfried" we hear for the first time music such as Nature herself would make if she had an orchestra.

MY UNINVITED GUEST.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

ONE day there entered at my chamber door
A presence whose light footfall on the floor
No token gave ; and, ere I could withstand,
Within her clasp she drew my trembling hand.

"Intrusive guest," I cried, "my palm I lend
But to the gracious pressure of a friend.
Why comest thou unbidden and in gloom
Trailing thy cold gray garments in my room ?

"I know thee, Pain ! Thou art the sullen foe
Of every sweet enjoyment here below ;
Thou art the comrade and ally of Death,
And timid mortals shrink from thy cold breath.

"No fragrant balms grow in thy garden beds,
Nor slumbrous poppies droop their crimson heads ;
And well I know thou comest to me now
To bind thy burning chains upon my brow."

And though my puny will stood straightly up,
From that day forth I drank her pungent cup,
And ate her bitter bread—with leaves of rue
Which in her sunless gardens rankly grew.

And now, so long it is, I scarce can tell
When Pain within my chamber came to dwell ;
And though she is not fair of mien or face,
She hath attracted to my humble place

A company most gracious and refined,
Whose touches are like balm, whose voices kind :
Sweet Sympathy with box of ointment rare ;
Courage, who sings while she sits weaving there.

Brave Patience, whom my heart esteemeth much,
And who hath wondrous virtue in her touch ;
Such is the chaste and sweet society
Which Pain, my faithful foe, hath brought to me.

And now upon my threshold there she stands,
Reaching to me her rough yet kindly hands
In silent truce. Thus for a time we part,
And a great gladness overflows my heart ;

For she is so ungentle in her way,
That no host welcomes her, or bids her stay :
Yet, though they bolt and bar their house from thee,
To every door, O Pain, thou hast a key !

DOCTOR GRIFFITH GRAMERY.

A STORY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I.

FEW people are aware of the existence of a small hostelry near Slyne Head, on the west coast of Ireland. The coal-black rocks and precipitous promontories of that desolate region render the scenery imposing; and the storms, which are frequent, form a spectacle that is nothing less than magnificent. The whole force of the Atlantic breaks against those awful cliffs, and the half-wild inhabitants of the region will tell you that, in winter, the spray is sometimes dashed three hundred feet in air. Fishing is almost the sole occupation of the natives. The nearest railway station is at Westport, thirty miles away, whence the explorer must travel either on foot or upon the dilapidated "jaunting-car" that serves as a stage, and is driven by Pat Maguire, who is also the proprietor of the inn. But explorers are as few as snowflakes in June; and for several years previous to the date of this story, Dr. Griffith Gramery had been the only visitor.

The doctor was not a comely man. He had a big, square head, covered with grizzled red hair, which stood upright; thick eyebrows hanging far down over a pair of small but extraordinarily piercing eyes; a large nose and mouth, and a broad, short chin. His head was set low down upon broad shoulders; his arms were long, but his body rather small and short. The peasants held him in superstitious awe and respect, believing him to be in league with Satan, probably because he had once or twice exercised upon them a remarkable magnetizing power that he possessed. But as all his dealings with them had been beneficent, they mingled their awe with affection. A man may be hand-in-glove with the Evil One, and yet a very good fellow at bottom.

This season, Dr. Gramery arrived, as usual, about the 1st October; but he explained to Pat Maguire that a young lady and gentleman, friends of his, would come on the 7th of the month, and would expect Pat to be at Westport railway station to drive them over. The doctor, it seems, had

met Mr. and Mrs. Roger Mowbray in London during the previous season, and had sung the praises of Slyne Head so eloquently that the young couple—they were in their honeymoon—had promised to come over and spend a week there. They proved as good as their word, and on the evening of the appointed day they drove up on the jaunting-car, and were cordially welcomed at the inn door by the Doctor.

The moon was close to the full, and the air soft and mild. After supper the three friends strolled out on the cliffs; and Roger Mowbray and his wife both confessed that they had never seen so grand a sight. The rocks are full of caves, some midway in the face of inaccessible precipices, some so low down as to be covered at high-water. The coast is everywhere jagged and irregular. Slyne Head itself is a beetling pinnacle of rock, overhanging its base, which is four hundred feet below its summit. The party made their way thither and sat down to contemplate the prospect. The ocean, rising in its vast sweep to the horizon, was luminous beneath the moon; and where the surf broke on the ragged teeth of the rocks far below it looked like great drifts of snow against the blackness. "How glorious and terrible it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray. "After this, I can understand and almost believe in all the legends of ghosts and hobgoblins that Ireland is famous for!"

"None but spirits of light and loveliness should become visible to you, fair lady," said the Doctor, who had a courtly, chivalrous way with women, which, partly on account of the odd contrast with his ugliness and eccentricity, made him a favorite with the sex. "But the people hereabouts are certainly very superstitious; and, to confess the truth, I have occasionally amused myself by playing off a few juggleries upon them. They take me for a magician; and it keeps them from bothering me when I want to be undisturbed. I have only to make a few cabalistic passes, and they run as if the devil were after them."

"I recollect your alluding, in London, to your powers in that direction," observed Roger. "You promised to give us an illustration some time. What more fitting time could there be than this?"

"Oh, I wish you would, Dr. Gramery!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray. "I never saw anything of that sort."

"And I fancy your husband doubts whether anybody ever saw anything of the sort," returned the doctor, laughing, and fixing his brilliant eyes on the young man's face. "He is a skeptic."

"Say an agnostic," rejoined Roger, with a smile. "I will believe what I see."

"If that be your only stipulation, I could easily astonish you," the Doctor answered. "The eyesight, and all the senses, are readily deceived. Moreover, unless I am much mistaken, yours is a temperament that lends itself to such impressions. I should expect to be more successful in deceiving you than your wife; though she looks half a spirit already, while you have the thews and sinews of an athlete."

"Well, all I can say is, I am prepared for the test," replied Roger, still smiling, though with somewhat of an effort. The Doctor's eyes had a singular sparkle. It was difficult to look away from them.

For a full minute, the doctor remained silent and immovable, gazing in a preoccupied manner at Roger Mowbray, who gazed back at him. Mrs. Mowbray, meanwhile, had become interested in watching the flight of a great sea-bird, which, after poising itself in air on a level with their position, suddenly swooped downward, and alighted on a rock, surrounded by waves, near the foot of the cliff.

"Look at me!" abruptly cried the Doctor, in a sharp, imperious tone, springing to his feet. "I am going to jump down the precipice, and stand beside that sea-fowl. Look! Roger Mowbray, I'm off!"

Roger started up with a gasp of horror and amazement. "Good God! the man is killed!" he cried out in a wild tone. He stood gazing fearfully and breathlessly over the cliff, peering downward as if following the descent of a heavy body through the air. But after a moment he raised himself, trembling and aghast, the sweat standing on his forehead. "It's a miracle!" he said, huskily; "such a thing was never known! He

fell four hundred feet, and now there he stands at the bottom, nodding and waving his hand! Merciful Heaven! what a thing to see!"

"Why, Roger!" exclaimed his wife, half laughing and half alarmed, "how absurdly you act! Any one would think you were crazy! What are you talking about the Doctor being down the cliff, when he has not moved a foot away from you? Why, what's the matter with you?"

Her husband paid not the slightest attention to her. He continued to stare down at the rock on which the sea-bird was seated, emitting ever and anon inarticulate ejaculations.

"He does not hear you, Mrs. Mowbray," remarked the Doctor, speaking aside to her. "He is in what may be termed an abnormally imaginative state, in which one mistakes fancies for facts. He really believes that I jumped off the cliff and alighted on that rock; and nothing that you could say to him would change his conviction. Curious, is it not?"

"But what is the cause of it? He was never like this before!" cried she, becoming more and more alarmed. "Can nothing be done? Roger!" She laid her hand on her husband's arm, but he moved away from her. "He doesn't know me!" she exclaimed in terror. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"My dear Mrs. Mowbray," interposed the Doctor, smiling comfortably in the moonlight, "give yourself no uneasiness: it is the simplest thing in the world. Your husband is partially asleep—that is all. A certain portion of his brain—that which discriminates between truth and imagination—has temporarily ceased to operate; it has been inhibited, to use the scientific term; or, if you want another phrase, your husband is in a hypnotic trance. Of course you have heard of hypnotism, and you are aware how commonly it is now practiced, and how amusing some of its manifestations are. It also has the advantage of being entirely harmless. The trance can be broken as easily as it can be induced."

"Oh, but I don't like Roger to be hypnotized!" she protested, still agitated. "I want him to know me and hear me! Please make him come back to me, Dr. Gramery."

"Your word is law, my dear lady," said the good doctor, with perfect amiability. He

turned to the young man, and drawing him a little to one side, appeared to whisper something in his ear. Then he clapped his hands sharply together, and called out, "Hello, Mowbray! Here we are!"

Mowbray glanced up, yawned, passed his hand over his forehead, and then, looking at the Doctor with evident perplexity, said, "Aren't you wet? How did you get up here again?"

II.

"You see," said the Doctor the next morning, after they had talked and laughed a good deal over the event of the night before, "hypnotism is the real explanation of all the marvels of magic and enchantment that we read and hear about. The magician's first act is to hypnotize the spectator, or spectators; that done, they will see—imagine they see—any miracle he may choose to suggest to them."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Roger, "that he can put more than one person at a time into the trance?"

"A hundred as easily as one; and perhaps a thousand more easily than a hundred. Why not? Consider the phenomena of panic—the unreasoning fear that seizes upon a multitude, though each separate man of the crowd, if alone, would have retained his presence of mind; or look at the wild enthusiasm or rage to which an eloquent orator can arouse a vast audience, though any one member of it would listen to him coldly. So I doubt not it would be easier to hypnotize a large assemblage than a single individual; and the Eastern jugglers seem to do it. You have heard of the famous Indian Basket-Trick, as it is called? There an audience of any number of persons severally and collectively witness a transaction that their reason assures them is preposterously impossible, at the same time that their eyesight convinces them it takes place. What is the explanation? Simply, that they are all hypnotized before the trick is performed; and then, of course, the 'trick' is reduced to merely inducing them to believe that something is done which is really not done at all."

"After my experience of last night, I don't feel like disputing anything you say, Doctor," observed Roger Mowbray. "But I should like to know how a man can hypnotize a crowd of people, and also how they

can recover from the trance without recognizing that they have been in it."

"If the conditions be favorable, nothing is more easily performed than hypnotism," the Doctor replied. "Simply to fix the attention for a few moments is often sufficient; and any juggler can do that. I hypnotized you last night only by inducing you to look intently at me for sixty seconds. Then, as to your second point, the trance may be of various degrees, from light to profound. The light trance is sufficient for complete self-deception, and the transition from that to waking is so easy as not to be perceived."

"I certainly believed I saw you jump over the cliff," said Roger, "and after I came to, I still could hardly persuade myself that you had not done it. Rachel, here, says she spoke to me: but I didn't hear her. But is it not rather alarming that such a power as you possess should exist?"

"Indeed, if I didn't know the Doctor was a good man, I shouldn't feel safe for a moment," Rachel said.

"Luckily, I am harmless," remarked he, with a peculiar smile. "But there's truth in your suggestion, Mr. Mowbray. Hypnotism might give terrible powers. If I had told you, last night, to jump over the cliff, you would have done it, or if, while you were still in the trance, I had commanded you to do, or to see, or not to see, a certain thing at a certain future time—say, at five o'clock this afternoon—you would have obeyed punctually at the appointed hour, without any further action on my part."

"Dear me!" said Rachel, with a nervous laugh, "I remember you whispered something to Roger last night, before you woke him up. What did you tell him to do?"

"You said a person could be ordered 'not to see' anything," broke in Roger. "Do you mean that a concrete object could be rendered actually invisible to one in the hypnotic trance?"

"Certainly!" replied the Doctor. "Anything that is told to the patient, he is bound to believe. If I were to tell you that the big tree yonder had been dug up and carried away, it would immediately become invisible to you; and neither your sense of touch nor any other means could persuade you that there was anything there. But I see this conversation is distressing Mrs. Mow-

bray; let us change it. Do you know, Mr. Mowbray, that you bear a strong resemblance to your late father?"

"I have been sometimes told so. But I was not aware that you knew him."

"Yes, I knew him well, many years ago, when we were both about your age. Afterward, circumstances separated us. When I met you the other day in London the likeness startled me; it was as if a buried generation had come to life again. Your father's wife was a Miss Clayton, I think?"

"Yes, that was my mother's name."

"Ah! I was not thinking of her as your mother. I do not trace her features in you. However, that is neither here nor there. Thinking over those old days has recalled another person to my mind—one John Felbrigue. I fancy you have never heard of him."

"I think I remember the name," said Roger, "but I never saw him. Unless I'm mistaken, my father and he were not good friends."

"They were friends until, for some reason, they had a bitter quarrel, and parted. It was the general opinion that Felbrigue was in fault. He was certainly a cross-grained fellow, whereas your father was always very suave and engaging. The quarrel occurred before your father's marriage, and the occasion of it, I think, was some affair of the heart. Naturally, Felbrigue would get worsted there!"

"What became of this Mr. Felbrigue?" inquired Rachel.

"He was a student, and after the quarrel he devoted himself to abstruse researches, and lived on the Continent, and afterward in India. He ought to have died long since, I suppose."

"The woman in the case was not my mother, was it?" asked Roger.

"She was not the lady your father married, I think," the Doctor replied. "It was probably some earlier affair; he was a dangerous man," he added, laughing. "Now that I recollect, the other woman's name was Mercy—yes, Mercy Holland. You never knew of her?"

Mowbray shook his head. "No, of course not!" said the Doctor. "And what interest have these old stories for you young people? Come, I have something to propose! What do you say to our taking our luncheon

with us, and spending the day down on the rocks? There are some curious caves I want you to see; and there is a romantic legend about one of them. Shall we go?"

The others willingly consented, and they made their preparations and set out. Instead of climbing to the top of Slyn Head, as on the previous evening, they descended to the shore, above which the stupendous crags hung as if about to topple over. In a crevice of the rocks, just above high-water mark, the doctor picked up a fragment of chain with a handcuff attached to it. It was but slightly rusted, and evidently could have been left there but a short time before. Mowbray and his wife were much interested in the discovery, and speculated as to how it could have got there.

"Is there a jail anywhere in this neighborhood?" Roger inquired.

"None nearer than Galway, that I know of," replied the Doctor. "But I believe there have been some evictions going on in this neighborhood, and this handcuff may have been put on a prisoner who escaped. He must have had assistance in freeing himself from his fetters, however. This handcuff, as you see, shuts by a spring, and can be opened only by taking two hands to it. The person to whom it was attached could not unfasten it unaided. It is certainly odd that the fugitive should have shaped his course in this direction. In these thinly settled regions concealment is more difficult than in cities."

"What a strange feeling it must be to be fastened to a chain, and know that you can't get away," observed Rachel, examining the steel manacle with curiosity.

"People get used to even that," rejoined the Doctor; "and after all, we are all fettered in some way, though the links may be invisible." He put the relic in his pocket, and they continued their journey along the beach. The way was rough and tortuous, the boulders lying irregularly, and the pebbles of which the beach was composed offering a slippery and wearisome foothold. They were nearly an hour in going no more than a mile; but they were rewarded, at the end of their journey, by coming to a large cave, hollowed out in the seaward extremity of a promontory that formed one of the natural divisions of the beach. Its mouth was only about seven or eight feet in diameter;

but inside it expanded into a chamber of fair size and height, draped with sea-weed, and pervaded by the clean, salt smell of the sea. The day had been somewhat close and oppressive, and the coolness of the cave was grateful, after their arduous walk. The interior was lighted up by the rays of the declining sun, for it was already afternoon.

Using a large flat stone as a table, they unpacked their basket, and lunched at their leisure. The Doctor was in capital spirits, and made himself highly agreeable. He related many stories of his own past life and adventures; he had traveled in all parts of the world, and had lived several years in Northern India, where he had seen strange sights. Finally, the conversation got round to the spot where they then were, and the traditions connected with it.

"And, by the by, one of the best yarns is about this very cave," he remarked. "Many years ago a powerful noble lived near Slyne Head, and he married a young and beautiful woman. For a time, all appeared to go well; but finally the husband became suspicious of the attentions to his wife of a neighbor of his who was visiting him. He watched, and his suspicions were confirmed. He concealed his emotions, whatever they were, and on some pretext invited his wife and the friend to this cave. He had had an iron ring fastened to the rock at the back part of the cave, with a chain attached to it. Pretending to be in sport, he induced them to let him fasten this chain around them, and then, telling them to be happy together to their hearts' content, and replying to their shrieks and entreaties only by peals of laughter, he bade them farewell and left them. The tide was rising, and a storm was coming on. A couple of hours later the cave was submerged, and the lovers were, of course, drowned. What do you think of that legend, Mrs. Mowbray? Would you like to know what the young people said to each other, when they were left alone, and the first wave threw its spray over them?"

"It is fearful to think of," said Rachel, with a shudder. "Was it really this very cave?"

"Undoubtedly; and if you want any further proof, the ring to which they were chained still hangs to the rock behind you. See—the sunlight has just reached it!"

Rachel turned with a start, and then all three approached the ring and examined it. It was hanging to a bolt driven into the face of the solid rock, at the furthest extremity of the cave. It was about seven inches in diameter, and appeared to be at least an inch in thickness, though it was so bearded with green seaweed and roughened with rust and limpets that an exact estimate was difficult. At all events, it looked strong enough to hold an ox, much more a pair of terrified lovers. Beneath the ring was a shallow ledge, forming a rude seat, and Rachel, who was fascinated by the picturesque horror of the thing, sat down upon it. The setting sun shone on her charming face, and gave it the semblance of a rosy blush. Her husband thought she had never looked more lovely.

The Doctor took the handcuff from his pocket, and passed the chain through the ring, fastening it by springing one of the links over another. "That will enable us to realize the situation better," he remarked, turning to Roger with a smile, and putting the handcuff in his hand. "Imagine Mrs. Mowbray to be the lady in question, and you the wicked earl."

"Shall I manacle you, Rachel?" asked her husband, playfully.

She held out her wrist at once. "Do!" she said; "I am not afraid."

"Don't be too sure of your nerves," put in the Doctor; "it might give you a turn."

"Oh, my husband will not desert me," she replied. "Put it on, Roger."

He slipped it on and fastened it. "There—now you are a prisoner," said he.

"And now all you have to do is to imagine that you are to stay there until this time to-morrow," the Doctor added, "when some fisherman, perhaps, will discover your drowned and bruised body. You are looking for the last time on yonder setting sun. Do you hear the plunging of the surf? In another hour it will be at the mouth of the cave; an hour more and it will have filled it to the roof. You will be alone, and death will come slowly and frightfully. You will struggle and strain, and tug at your fetters; the steel will cut into your flesh, but you can not break it. The cold water will creep slowly to your knees, your waist, your throat! You will scream—ah! what screams! but the rocks will echo them back, and they

will die away upon the sea. You will think of the sweetness of life, of your warm and familiar home, of the love of your friends, and of your husband—and then the wave will lap over your face and gurgle into your mouth, and strangle your breath; you will be nothing but a lump of lifeless flesh, and this pleasant, luxurious world will know you no more!"

Doctor Gramery must have had a good deal of the actor's talent; he had begun his speech lightly enough, but as he went on his voice became hoarse and incisive; he made strange gestures, and there was something terrible and ominous in his aspect. Rachel sat gazing at him with parted lips and widening eyes. As he finished she rose to her feet, and stretching out her hand to her husband, faltered: "Let me go!"

By a sudden, forcible movement the Doctor interposed himself between them.

"Five o'clock!" he exclaimed, in a stern, commanding tone.

Roger stood motionless for a few moments, while a dazed expression came over his face. The Doctor now moved to one side; the husband and wife were within a couple of paces of each other, and his eyes rested upon her. But there was a queer, vague look in them, and presently he said, in a sluggish tone, "Where is Rachel?"

"Here I am—here!" she exclaimed. "Here in front of you! What ails you, Roger? Take off this manacle—it hurts me! Don't you hear me?"

"It is very odd," said Roger, turning to the Doctor. "What has become of Rachel? She was here just now, and I didn't see her go out. How was it?"

"Mrs. Mowbray?" responded the Doctor, coolly. "Why, my dear fellow, she just went out of the cave. Is it possible you didn't notice her? See!" he added, pointing outward, "there she stands on that rock at the entrance, beckoning to us! Come on, it's getting damp, and we shall be catching our death of cold. We have a long walk before us."

The two men moved together toward the mouth of the cave, Roger walking like a man in a dream. Suddenly a piercing shriek filled the cave. "Roger! my husband! my love! Hear me! Come to me!" Then came another shriek.

Mowbray and the Doctor were now at the

mouth of the cave, and the latter pointed along the beach to the right. "There she goes!" he said. "Let us hurry and catch up with her. She will stumble among these slippery stones and hurt herself."

"Oh, God!" said a husky voice, strained and unnatural. The chain rattled and strained; there was a groan. Mowbray had moved out of sight. The Doctor turned and looked into the cave with a hideous expression; then he, too, vanished.

III.

A STORM had been gathering during the afternoon, and soon after five o'clock it burst over Slyne Head, with frequent crashes of thunder and zigzags of lightning. The rain hissed down in torrents. Six o'clock had passed when Roger Mowbray, his clothes soaked through, and a scared, drawn look on his face, walked hastily into the inn, and called for Pat Maguire. After the summons had been repeated once or twice, with increasing emphasis, Mrs. Maguire appeared from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. "What would ye be pleased to want, sorr?" said she. "Sure, Misther Maguire stepped out an hour ago; he was after fearin' ye'd be caught in the rain, and 'twas warnin' ye to come home he'd be. Didn't ye meet him at all, at all?"

"No. Has Mrs. Mowbray—my wife—has she returned?"

"Ver wife, is it? Indade, then, she has not, sorr! Ye're the first in this night."

"Doctor Gramery—has not he got back? We parted on the beach—he took another path up the cliff. Have you seen nothing of either of them?"

"Not I, Misther Mowbray—hide nor hair av'em. But there was a bit av a letter the Doctor left this mornin', an' he was tellin' Misther Maguire to give it ye at six o'clock—not sooner. May be that'll explain things—more betoken 'tis six o'clock now, an' after. Wait till I fetch it!"

She disappeared into the kitchen, and returned in a moment with a letter in her hands. Roger opened it, and this is what he read:

ROGER MOWBRAY: When you read this I shall have accomplished the purpose for which I brought you down here, and for which I have waited many years. You know me as Griffith Gramery, but my true name is John Felbrigg. Thirty years ago your father took away the woman I loved, Mercy Holland, and ruined her. She

bore him a child ; by his cruelty and neglect she died in childhood. At that time he had already married ; but his wife being an invalid, and incapable of raising up children for him, he caused you to be put forward as her son, thereby keeping the estates in the family. But you have no more right to your name than any other base-born waif of the gutter.

I waited a long while for the proper time and means for retaliation ; but when I heard that you were married, I saw my way. Last night I proved my power over you ; to-day, in the cave, I shall put it into practice. At the moment you read this, your wife, chained to the rock by the manacle I have provided for the purpose, will be drawing her last breath in loneliness and agony—an agony as great, I trust, as that which your father caused Mercy Holland to endure. And you, realizing that you abandoned her there, misled by the bewilderment I put upon your senses, will understand something of the despair I felt when I knew that the woman I would have made my wife had died in shame and misery. May you live to endure that despair as long as I have done ! As for me, you will never see me again. I have my place of retreat provided, where I shall spend many years in ease and comfort, happy in the assurance that all I desired has been brought to pass. Blessed be Hypnotism !

Yours to command,

JOHN FELBRIGGE.

Roger Mowbray slowly laid the letter down on the table, and looked up with a ghastly countenance. At that moment there was a hurried step on the threshold, a sound of voices, and the door was thrown open. In swept the storm, with wind and rain ; a clap of thunder shook the house ; and there stood Pat Maguire, red in the face and breathless,

and leaning on his arm, weak and tottering, her clothing drenched and torn, her wet hair hanging about her shoulders, her wrist bruised and bloody—there was Rachel Mowbray, rescued at utmost need, with the sea leaping at her very throat, by the worthy Irishman whom chance had brought within hearing of her final outcry. There she was, no phantom of a bewildered brain, but true flesh and blood, alive and safe—and in her husband's arms !

IV.

NEXT morning, when the storm had cleared away, the dead body of Doctor Gramery, *alias* John Felbrigge, was found lying at the foot of Slyne Head, crushed and disfigured. How he came to his death, whether by accident or design, was never known. He may have lost his way and missed his footing in the storm ; or the horror of the deed he had done may have proved too much even for his iron nerves, and he sought oblivion in suicide. He was buried where he fell, and the great cliff is his gravestone ; but the peasants avoid the spot, and in the roaring of the waves they sometimes fancy that they catch the fearful outcry of a lost soul.

THE DREAM.

BY DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

I DREAMED I lived beside the talking sea,
And great white birds were neighborly with me ;
They brought me tidings strange from many lands,
And ate the broken limpets from my hands.

I tied a message to an osprey's breast,
And sent him o'er the foam upon my quest,
To find my love where southern billows beat,
And drop the folded question at his feet.

I watched beside the sea for many days,
And strained my sight across the briny ways ;
I saw his arrow-wings that shot the blue,
And to my arms the errant osprey flew.

Straight to my arms as to a place of rest.
A drop of blood was on his snowy breast ;
Upon his snowy breast the stain was red ;
And I was answered, and my bird was dead.

THE FIRST STEPS TOWARD A MILLENNIUM.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

WE are offered countless projects of social reform, the aim of which is to bring in the millennium. Let us see what the first condition of such projects must be, and whether we are prepared to fulfill it.

The student of social problems, who investigates them without preconceived or pet notions, finds again and again that he is brought, at the end of his analysis, face to face with this fact: It is a question of population. It is a question of marriage, of the reproduction of the species; of parental responsibility, competency, and duty; in short, of the family. In all the social speculations of the day, however, scarcely any attention is ever paid to this range of subjects. It is assumed that every one has a right to marry without responsibility to others, that society has no right to intervene, that children come into the world without any antecedents upon which reason and conscience could operate, that family life is sacred, even to the extent that parental folly, ignorance, and caprice must enjoy a prerogative of wasting or perverting the youth of children. Liberty, the rights of parents, and the whole non-interference theory, are here introduced when nothing has been heard of them before.

I maintain (1) that the part of our social code and social creed which wants re-examination and reconstruction is that which relates to marriage and the family; and (2) that, if there is to be any State regulation at all, the place where it ought to begin is with marriage and the family.

What is the existing code and creed about marriage and the family?

It is held that if a man and woman want to marry, and if they are of the minimum age fixed by law, no one is warranted in interfering with them. The novels have sedulously taught that marriage should be founded only on love; that love is some emotional state or experience that is not subject to reason and conscience; indeed, that there is some ethical error in resisting it; and that it is the one human experience that is not subject to law or regulation.

To judge from the tone of the newspapers about an elopement, or a marriage in defiance of the advice of parents, this kind of marriage has some merits over any other kind. Nobody is supposed to have any right to see to it that the parties to the marriage have compatibility of temper, or sufficient acquaintance with each other; and, above all, it is considered sordid and mean to raise the question whether they can support themselves and their children.

Nothing in the educational system is planned to inculcate high ideas of the momentous decision involved in uniting two lives, much less to make young people understand that parenthood is the most awful responsibility human beings ever accept. A false, or perhaps I might more justly say, an ill-defined, modesty causes the whole subject to be set aside. It is not easy to deal with it within convenient limits, yet to do it justice. Occasionally a bold preacher devotes a sermon to some phase of it, or a school-teacher of extraordinary conscientiousness and good judgment will exert a happy and successful influence on a small number of persons; but this is nothing compared with the miseducation from mawkish novels, prurient newspaper stories, and current discussion of scandals, elopements, and divorces. Is it right that modesty should impose silence always on the right side only? Is it right that the current popular code should always go unchallenged?

We have broken to a considerable extent with the doctrine of the last century about the respective rights and duties of parents and children, which was based on the dictum that the parent is "the author of the child's being." The notion was that the parent had conferred such a blessing on the child in giving him existence that all the duties were on the side of the child, and all the rights on the side of the parent. Such a dictum with the deductions drawn from it can not stand before a rationalizing generation. When once a child has reached an age to get a glimmering sense of what kind

of a world this is, there are very few fathers who would dare to invoke this dictum as a ground of parental rights, and there are many who might find that the child would turn upon them with the most terrific accusation that could possibly be formulated: "You knew what kind of a world this is, and what kind of a man you were in it. You knew that you were a failure, or a drunkard, or a gambler, or a felon. How dared you beget me, and put me in the world to bear what you had entailed?"

I say that we have broken with this old-fashioned notion; but we have not yet, so far as I know, adopted any other consistent principle, and we shall not get the rights and duties on a sound basis until we accept the doctrine that the parents, having assumed the liberty and authority of marriage and parenthood, have all the responsibility, and all the duties, and that it is the child who has the rights. Parents, who have brought children into the world, are bound by all the deductions that flow from the relationship that they have brought about, to sacrifice themselves that the children may have success in the struggle for existence.

Both morally and socially the doctrine here laid down is the one that underlies human welfare. There is no such penalty for error and folly as to see one's children suffer for it. There is no such reward for a well-spent life as to see one's children well-started in life, owing to their parents' good health, good principles, fixed character, good breeding—in general, the whole outfit that enables men to fight the battle of life with success. Furthermore, we are not called upon to plot and plan for "the great interests of society," and all the other vague whims that are presented to us in high-sounding phrases. The great social interests solve themselves if every one simply attends to family duties, keeping himself clean and honest, and bringing up his children in virtue and good discipline. The reformers who are constantly dinning their social nostrums and State interference in our ears suppose that they are charged and commissioned to organize all the rest of us into "great social movements." In any sound study of the facts it will appear that the derived, wider, and more abstract interests are not to be pursued directly, that they never can be satisfied by direct effort, that

they flow of themselves as consequences from right living in the household and in the individual career.

Let us go back now to our young couple. Having married for love and taken their liberty, they find that they were mistaken, and that there is an incompatibility of temper. Instead, however, of bearing their own burden, and abiding by the duties that they have undertaken to each other and to their children, they now invoke the interference of the rest of the society, by its laws and civil institutions, to release them from the consequences of their own act. They find themselves constrained and dissatisfied. Liberty formerly meant that they must create relationships, if they wanted to do so, regardless of the interests of bystanders. Liberty now means that they must be allowed to break the relationship, if they want to do so, regardless of the rights and interests that have grown out of their former act. If their children are in this way rendered homeless or parentless, then their neighbors, either through public or private charity, may assume the burden of caring for them.

If no such rupture of the marriage occurs, it may yet turn out that the parents are not capable of earning, or that they are extravagant and foolish in their expenditure, or that they are shiftless, idle, or vicious. Let us not here make the mistake of assuming that some of us are good and strong and others bad and weak, for that would be to misconceive the whole case. All of us are only more or less idle, vicious, and weak. We all have to fight the same temptations, and each one has enough to do to fight his own battle. That is just the reason why it is unjust and socially ruinous to reward one for having done his own duty, simply by making him go on to do other people's duty. If the idle and vicious stood by themselves as individuals, they could almost always be left to themselves. It is the children who make the problem great now, and who carry it into the future.

As we have seen above, the rights lie with the children and against the parents in the first instance. Now we see that the rights lie with the society against the parents, in the second instance, for it is society that will suffer from the failure of the parent to do the parent's duty, and it is society that

will have to bear the burden that the parent has allowed to fall. Who, however, is "society"? It can be only those other parents who have done a parent's duties, through unknown struggles and self-denial. It has very rarely been argued, so far as I know, that the State might fairly enforce against the parent his responsibility, or that it might separate his children from him, if it was obliged to assume his duties on account of his worthlessness. On the contrary, such a view of the matter is almost always met with an outcry against inhumanity. Perhaps such an outcry is just; but what I maintain is, that if we are not prepared to interfere in any way at all with freedom of marriage or the continuance of family life between two people who are not fit to be parents, then our plan of throwing all the consequences on the good parents is a policy by which society continually uses up its best members, while it preserves and stimulates the reproduction of its bad ones.

Let us go on with some details and see if this is not so.

The children being here must be educated. Plainly, it belongs to the parent to educate them. In contemplating marriage a man is just as much bound to look forward to the expense of educating as of feeding his children. If the State, that is again his neighbors, will have to educate his children for him, one important link in the chain of moral responsibility that is essential to the moral order of society is broken. I know of no provision at all for bringing home to parents the duty of educating their children, or the value of education to their children. On the contrary, all the existing arrangements offer education as a thing to be taken or left by those for whom it is intended. Compulsory attendance is making some advance; but here again, where liberty has no application, we are met with an outcry in favor of liberty so much condemned everywhere else. For how fares it with the liberty of the parents who have done their duty? They must pay for the school. They are told how essential schools are to make good citizens, how much better it is to pay for schools than for jails, etc., etc. But, if the tax-payer has any rights, why is it not one of the first of them, after he has provided schools, under the view of the matter just rehearsed, that he should know that those for

whom the schools are provided are taking the good of them, and that the commonwealth will have the advantages for which he is paying?

Instead of being guaranteed of this fact, he is met by a new demand that he shall provide text-books and stationery. In order to make an argument for schools supported by taxation, it has been said that schools "support republican institutions," "save jails," etc., etc. If that is true, schools exist for the good of the community and not for the purpose of fitting the children to fulfill their career on earth. Then the schools are not a good to be struggled for and paid for by those who get the good of them, but the children go to school in order to subject themselves to the discipline that the good of the community imposes upon them. In that view of the matter, it is consistent and reasonable, as well as quite in accord with human nature, that it should be constantly necessary to provide new inducements in order to secure attendance. It is said by those in a position to know that the children of Connecticut do not, on the average, take more than one-half of the schooling that the tax-payers provide for them all.

In the next stage, however, the tax-payer is called upon to pay inspectors and agents to seek out and force upon the children of his negligent neighbor the boon that he has paid for but which the neighbor can not even appreciate. The inspector reports that the parent has taken the children from school at an early age, in order to put them at work for gain, that the more children he has the more he gets out of their wages for his own benefit, and that the children are exploited by their parents without any of a parent's feeling.

Next comes the "working-man." He demands that the children shall be peremptorily and absolutely forbidden to work, not in order that they may go to school, but that they may not compete with the working-man in the labor market. The parent forces the child to work for the parent's benefit, and the non-parent forces the child not to work for the benefit of the non-parent. In this contest, who defends the rights of the children? If anybody needs State protection evidently it is they, for they are being sacrificed between two selfish interests. The politician, however, asks only: Who has the

most votes? and, finding that these are the non-parents, he eagerly passes a law to forbid the children to work, leaving all consequences to care for themselves.* The tax-payer is called upon to pay for a number more inspectors to enforce this law. If the children by happy accident find their way to school, well and good. If they escape school, or are abroad and idle during half the year when school is not in session, they take to vagabondage and idleness with all its vices, for they are forbidden to work at all, as if work were in its nature a vice, and not simply in its excess a harm.

The children are thus rapidly preparing candidates for the reform school and the industrial school, once more at the expense of the tax-payer; or he is called upon to subscribe to voluntary charitable organizations, which aim to reform abandoned children.†

One of the latest novelties, now, in this same direction, is the complaint that the education which the burden-bearing part of the community has furnished for the whole is not of a good kind; that the gift is not a suitable one; that the beneficiaries of it are not much to blame for rejecting it, because it is not of the right kind. It is proposed that the tax-payer once more shall come forward and provide trade schools, or manual labor schools. This proposition is as yet so vague and multiform that it is impossible to discuss it. The most sensible persons who are interested in the plan agree that schools to teach handicrafts or trades as a means of livelihood would not be defensible; but may not the tax-payer think it rather hard that, after he has provided schools and libraries, and high schools with all the paraphernalia of science, he should be told that it is all a mistake, and that he has to begin all over again, on a new line of development, which the same guides now believe to be the correct one?

Now this generation of children, when they come to maturity, marry—the earlier the more dependent they are and the less serious their views of life and begin the story of their own parents, and their own childhood,

all over again. At middle life they find themselves overburdened, disappointed, unfit to cope with the difficulties of life, a discontented class that the respectable and burden-bearing part of society are once more told is a problem for them to solve. One of the great dogmas is that all men are equal, but a man who has earned a loaf of bread and one who has not earned a loaf of bread find themselves unequal. Let the tax-payer look to himself, if he can not solve that! The man who has spent all his money and the one who has not find themselves very unequal. According to the current philosophy, the blame for this is not with the man who wasted his youth and rejected his chances of education, nor with his father who failed of all his family and social duties, but with the respectable and dutiful citizen who provided the educational facilities for others and profited by them himself.

If any of the negligent persons become guilty of crime, then at last the patient tax-payer might believe that the experiment was over, that his responsibility was discharged, that he had done all that he could possibly be asked to do for that person, and that the criminal now in prison would be forced to earn his own living and spend his time in sober industry. Not so, however. It is now the turn of the penologist, who demands that the prisons shall be managed so as to reform the criminals, and "without regard to pecuniary considerations." The "working-man" also, not knowing what he wants, nor why he wants it, and plainly uninformed or deluded as to the facts and relations in question, but possessed of new political power which he is eager to exercise, and for which he is not yet held to any due responsibility, demands that the labor of the convicts shall be stopped or wasted. The latter seem to think that a criminal becomes harmful when he goes to work, and the former that a prison is a kind of mill for washing so many criminals as may be caught, and thus operating an arithmetical diminution of the criminal class.

* See the report of the State Board of Education of Connecticut, 1886, on the Child Labor Law of that State.

† While writing, I find in a daily paper the report of a county home for abandoned children, in which it is said: "It will be noticed that one hundred and thirty-one of

these [one hundred and forty-seven] children were taken from the degraded classes, even the homeless ones being homeless by reason of the viciousness of parents, one or both of whom, in all cases except eight of the one hundred and thirty-one, are living and are able-bodied."

We have, then, here a system in which the community is divided into responsible and irresponsible classes. Every duty discharged by the former serves only to lay the basis for a new duty to be imposed. Every duty neglected by the latter serves only to lay the basis for a new privilege or exemption to be claimed. In this system nothing at all is done to prevent or lessen the propagation of the social disease, but, on the contrary, everything is done to nurse and develop it by cutting off such direct penalties as would, in the order of nature, be connected with the evil, and would react upon it to restrict it. All the palliatives are applied at the expense of those that have done as much as men ever do to crush and conquer the social disease in themselves and their children. Those, therefore, who would make good parents must delay marriage by as much as they must be prepared for all the extra burdens that the State will lay upon them as soon as they show that they mean to pay their way; and those who would make bad parents are set free to marry the earlier by as much as they are assured that the State will come to their assistance, in one way and another, so soon as they show that they do not mean to pay their way. We are therefore increasing evils and deteriorating our society.

If now we should reverse our policy, two courses would be open to us. We could either limit all our active measures to securing those who will conform to the rules of right living, as far as possible, against any harm from those who refuse to learn how we must all conduct ourselves in order that we all may prosper, leaving the latter to the stern school of experience; or, we could bring restrictions to bear on marriage and family life. At least it is evident that, if we are going to bring interference to bear, in the hope of dealing with social evils, our interference will never be effective until it touches marriage and the family. The objective point can be defined. Measures

which bear upon it will not be constructive,* but direct, if we are prepared to make them. If we are not prepared to make them, let us at least desist from those measures that only use up our best social elements. It is astonishing how invariably thorough study of social phenomena brings out the fact that social devices produce the very opposite results from those that were aimed at. The social reforms of the last fifty years have very largely consisted in converting other social ills into taxation. But taxation is a most potent cause of social ills. When, therefore, the circle shall have been completed, how much shall we have gained?

One of the favorite phrases of those who seek a formula under which to introduce their devices is that the State should take any measures that will "make better men." A State can never make men of any kind. A State consumes men. New-born children are not soldiers, or tax-payers, or laborers. Years of cost of production must be spent upon them before they can be any of these contributors to society. It is the work of the family, the church, the school, and other educational institutions, to bring them up and make them as good men as possible, and then turn them over to the State as citizens. The State, therefore, does not make them; it uses them up. It does not produce, it costs. The lives of generations are spent to maintain it, and carry it on. The utmost that the State can do is to satisfy the purposes of its existence for these generations in return for what they have spent on it. The soldiers whom the State uses up never come to life again. The taxes which are paid to it never come back again. If the home institutions produce better men, and they put better efforts into the State (as they doubtless will), then they can get out of the State a better fulfillment of State functions; but every device for trying to get out of the State anything more than is put into it has no other effect than to make the State cost more.

* The town of New Haven, being about to build a new almshouse, a petition is presented to the selectmen, in which the petitioners "do hereby protest against any parties or firms being allowed to compete for the contract to erect said buildings, who refuse to accede to the request for shorter hours of labor and just compensation, but who do insist on more hours and less wages, which we claim is injurious and detrimental to the best interests of every community, and as it can not be denied that low wages and long hours of toil tend to discouragement,

which leads to idleness, and which is one of the great causes of poverty and crime, and produces in every community that class that becomes a tax and a burden, and necessitates, as in the present case, the erection of buildings for their care and support at the public expense, etc." This tortuous and involved series of dogmatic generalizations is hardly a caricature of the kind of argumentation which is brought forward in educated circles whenever a measure of social policy is under discussion.

THE ROSY SHIELD.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

ONE of the most winning inhabitants of my bird room last winter bore on his snow-white breast a pointed shield of beautiful rose color, and the same rich hue lined his wings. With these exceptions his dress was of sober black and white, though so attractively disposed that he was an extremely pretty bird—the rose-breasted grosbeak. Nor was beauty his only attraction; he was a peculiar character, in every way different from his neighbors. He was dignified, yet his dignity was not like that of a thrush; he was calm and cool, yet not after the manner of an orchard oriole. He possessed a lovely gentleness of disposition, and a repose of manner unparalleled among my birds. Vulgar restlessness was unknown to him; flying about for mere exercise or hopping from perch to perch to pass away time he scorned. The frivolous way common to smaller birds of going for each seed as they want it was beneath him. When he wished to eat he did so like a civilized being, that is, took his stand by the seed cup and stayed there attending strictly to the business in hand till he had finished, leaving a neat pile of canary-seed shells in one spot, instead of the general litter common to cages. The meal over he was ready to go out of the cage, place himself comfortably in one of his favorite corners, and remain for a long time, amused with the life of the room and the doings in the street, on both of which he seemed to look with the eye of a philosopher. In the same deliberate and characteristic way he disposed of a meal worm, or a bit of beef, which he enjoyed. He never bolted it outright like a thrush, nor beat it to death like a tanager, nor held it under a toe and took it by mouthfuls like an oriole; he quietly worked it back and forth between his mandibles till reduced to a pulp, when he swallowed it.

The bearer of the rosy shield was pre-eminently a creature of habit. Very early in his life with us he selected certain resting places for his private use, and all the months of his stay he never changed them. The one preferred above all others was on the middle bar of the window-sash, in the corner, and I no-

ticed that his choice was always a corner. In this sunny spot he spent most of the time, closely pressed against the window-casing, generally looking out at the trees and the sparrow-life upon them, and regarding every passer-by in the street, not in an unhappy way, but apparently considering the whole a panorama for his entertainment. When events in the room interested him, his post of observation was a bracket that held a small cage, where he often sat an hour at a time in perfect silence, looking at everybody, concerned about everything, his rosy shield and white breast effectively set off by the dark paper behind him.

Although thus quiet and silent, the grosbeak was far from being stupid. He had decided opinions, and tastes as well defined as anybody's. For example, when he came to me his cage stood on a shelf next to that occupied by two orchard orioles, and he was never pleased with the position. He was hardly restless even then, while suffering what he plainly considered a grievance, but he was uneasy. I saw that something was wrong and guessed at once what it was: his upper perch was three inches lower than that in the next cage, and to have a neighbor higher than himself is always an offense to a bird. As soon as I raised his cage he was satisfied on that score, and no more disturbed me in the early morning by shuffling about on his perch and trying to fly upward.

But still something was not quite to his mind, and he showed it by constantly going into the cage of the orioles, which was nearer the light, and settling himself, evidently with the desire of taking up his residence there. He was so gentle and unobtrusive everywhere that no one resented his presence in the cage, and he could have lived in peace with almost any bird. But I wanted him contented at home, and, moreover, I was curious to find out what was amiss, so I tried the experiment of removing his cage from its position next to the lively orioles, and hanging it alone between two windows, where, although not so light, it had the advantage of solitude. The change com-

pleted the happiness of the grosbeak. From that day he no more intruded upon others, but went and came freely and joyously to his own cage, and from being hard to catch at night he became one of the most easy, proceeding the moment he entered his home toward dark to the upper perch, to wait for me to close the door before going to his seed dish. In fact, he grew so contented that he cared little to come out, and often sat in his favorite corner of the cage by the hour, with the door wide open, and the other birds flying around. Now, too, he began to sing in a sweet voice a very low and tender minor strain.

Among his other peculiarities this bird scarcely ever seemed to feel the need of utterance of any sort. On the rare occasions of any excitement, he delivered a sharp metallic "click;" a sudden alarm, like the attack of another bird, called out a war-cry loud and shrill, and very odd; and in the contest over the important question of precedence at the bath he sometimes uttered a droll squeal or whining sound. Besides these, he made singular noises in bathing and dressing his feathers, which are not uncommon among birds, but are difficult to describe. They always remind me of the rubbing of machinery in need of oil.

This beautiful bird was not easily frightened; the only time I ever saw him seriously disturbed was at the sight of a stuffed screech-owl, which I brought into the room without thinking of its probable effect. I placed it on a shelf in a closet, and I soon noticed that the moment the closet door was opened the grosbeak became greatly agitated; he darted across the room to a certain retreat where he always hurried on the first alarm of any sort, and remained in retirement till the fancied danger was over, while the others flew madly about. In this place he stood, posturing in much excitement, and uttering at short intervals his sharp "click." For some time I did not understand his conduct, nor think of connecting it with the owl on the shelf; but when it did occur to me I tried the experiment of bringing it out into the room, when I immediately saw, what I should have remembered at once, that it was an object of terror to all of the birds.

The song of the rose-breasted grosbeak is celebrated, and I hoped my bird would become acquainted with us, and let out his

voice; but I was disappointed in both respects, for he never became familiar in the least, and though not at all afraid he was very shy; and furthermore, upon my bringing into the room two small musical thrushes, the grosbeak—feeling, as I said, no need of utterance—readily relapsed into silence, and all winter never sang a note. His conduct before the looking-glass indicated that he was not naturally so silent, and that he could be social with one who understood his language. Being unable to get another grosbeak I tried to give him companionship by placing a small glass against one end of his cage. On seeing his reflection the bird was greatly agitated, began his low whining cry, postured, bowed, turned, moved back and forth, and at last left the cage and looked for the stranger behind the glass. Not finding him he returned, had another interview with the misleading image, and ended as before in seeking him outside. At length he seemed to be convinced that there was something not quite natural about it, for, feeling hungry, he went, with many a backward glance at the glass, to the floor, took a hemp seed, and carried it out into the room to eat, a thing he never did at any other time.

I spoke of my bird's posturing; that was one of his pleasures, and almost his only exercise while he lived in the house. He was not graceful, his body was not flexible, and his tail was far from being the expressive member it is with many birds, it always stood straight out; he could raise it with a little jerk, and he had a beautiful way of opening it like a fan, but I never saw it droop or stir in any other way. In these movements, his head and tail maintained the same relative position to the body, as though they were cut out of one piece of wood; but he bowed, and leaned far over on one side, with his short legs wide spread; he passed down a perch alternately crouching and rising, either sideways or straight; he jerked his whole body one side and then the other, in a manner ludicrously suggestive of a wriggle; he sidled along his perch, holding his wings slightly out and quivering, then slowly raised them both straight up, and instantly dropped them, or held them half open, fluttering and rustling his feathers.

He had also a curious way of moving over

a long perch ; he proceeded by sidewise hops, and at each hop he turned half around, that is, the first step he faced the window, the next the room, the third the window again, and so on to the end, coming down at every jump as though he weighed a pound or two. He was much addicted to sitting with breast feathers puffed out, covering his toes, or sometimes with wings held a little away from his body, showing the delicate rose-colored lining, as though conscious how pretty he looked, and among other eccentric habits he often thrust out his tongue, first one side and then the other, apparently to clean his bill.

Bathing and getting dry was conducted by this peculiar bird in a manner characteristic of himself. Slow to make the plunge, he was equally deliberate in coming out of the bath. When fairly in he first thrust his head under, then sat up in the drollest way, head quite out of water and tail lying flat on the bottom, while he spattered vigorously with wings and tail. When he stepped out, the bath was over ; he never returned for a second dip, but passed at once to a favorite corner of the window-bar, and stood there a most disconsolate-looking object, shivering with cold, with plumage completely disheveled, but making not the least effort to dry his feathers for several minutes. If the sun shone, he indulged himself in a sunning, erecting the feathers of his chin till he looked as if he wore a black muffler, opening his tail like a fan, spreading and crossing his wings over the back. This attitude made a complete change in his looks, showing white where black should be, and *vice versa*. This was the result of his peculiar coloring. Next the skin all feathers were the common slate color, but outside of that each feather was black and white. On the back the black was at the tip, and the white between that and the slate color ; on the breast this order was reversed, and the white at the tip. Thus when wet the white and black were confused, and he resembled an object in patch-work. The rose-colored shield was formed by the slightest possible tips of that color on the white ends, and it was wonderful that they should arrange themselves in an unbroken figure, with a sharply defined outline, for each feather must have laid in its exact place to secure the result.

The different ways in which birds greet advancing night has long been a subject of interest to me, some restless and nervous, others calm, and a few wild and apparently frightened. In no one thing is there more individuality of action, and in my room that winter were exhibited every evening quite a variety of methods. A brown thrush or thrasher on the approach of darkness became exceedingly restless, flying about his cage, going over and under and around his perches, posturing in extraordinary ways, uttering at every moment a strange, harsh-breathing sound. Two smaller thrushes met the evening hour by fluttering, and a queer sort of dance elsewhere described. Two orchard orioles saluted the twilight by gymnastics on the roof of the cage. The bluebirds made careful and deliberate arrangements for a comfortable night, while the grosbeak differed from all in simply fluffing himself out, and settling himself, on the first hint of dark, in the chosen corner whence he scarcely moved, and as soon as objects grew indistinct he laid his head quietly in its feather pillow and stirred no more. The brightest gaslight an hour later did not disturb him ; if a noise awakened him, he simply looked up to see what was the matter, but did not move, and soon turned back to his rest, when slight jerks of his wings, and faint complaining sounds, told that he not only slept, but dreamed.

The bearer of the rosy shield was a persistent individual ; having once taken a notion into his head nothing would make him forget it, or change his mind. Fully settled in his preference for a certain perch on the window, the coldest day in winter, with the wind blowing a gale through the crack between the sashes, would not make him desert it. Driving him away from the spot had not the slightest effect on him, he returned the moment he was left in peace. Thinking that another cage was more convenient for his use, nothing short of absolute shutting the door would keep him out of it. Nor did he forget about it either ; if the door was accidentally left open, after being closed for weeks, he entered as quickly as though he had been in every day.

This bird never showed any playfulness of disposition ; indeed, he had too much dignity to do so. He never flew around the

room as though he liked to use his wings, although they were perfect, and there was nothing to prevent if he chose. Nor did he display curiosity about his surroundings. The only things he appeared to notice were the doings of the birds and people in the room, and the moving panorama without, which latter he always viewed with equanimity, although the sound of a

hand-organ aroused him to a sort of mild fury.

As spring advanced the beautiful grosbeak grew tuneful, and often added his exquisite song to the rippling music of the small thrushes, and—with a little stretch of the imagination as to its duration—

"Trilled from out his carmine breast,
His happy breast, the livelong day."

FLAMING FIRE CAN NOT BE EXTINGUISHED.*

BY COUNT LEON TOLSTOI.

IN the country lived a peasant named d'Ivan Chtcherbakov. He led a happy life, and, still in possession of all his faculties, was the foremost workman of the village. He had, besides, three helpful sons; one was married, the other betrothed, and the third, a mere youth, had already begun to till the soil.

Ivan's wife was an excellent manager, and the daughter-in-law turned out to be as gentle as she was industrious. There was no superfluous mouth to feed in the house, except that of the sick father, who was asthmatic and never stirred from the fire-place.

Abundance reigned in Ivan's household. They possessed three horses, a colt, a cow and calf, and fifteen sheep. The women worked in the house knitting stockings and sewing garments for the men. The pantry contained more bread than could be used until the new batch was baked. The oats Ivan possessed was sufficient to meet all taxes and to provide for all the needs of the family. Ivan Chtcherbakov need do nothing else than live thus with his children.

Unhappily, near his home stood the house of his neighbor Gavril, the lame son of Gordey Ivanov. Hatred had sprung up between them.

Formerly, when the elder Gordey was still alive and when father d'Ivan managed his household, the moujiks lived on neighborly terms. If the women were in need of a sieve

or a pail, or the men of an extra wheel, it was sent from one house to the other, and, like good neighbors, they rendered each other mutual services. If a calf trespassed on the neighbor's field they contented themselves with driving it away, saying, "Don't let it come over to us, we have not yet stacked the grain." As to concealing or fastening it in the barn, or the shed, no one ever thought of such a thing.

Thus life went on at the time of the old people. But when the young folks succeeded them in the management of affairs, their relations became quite different.

A trifling matter was the cause of it all.

A hen of Ivan's daughter-in-law began to lay early, and the young woman gathered the eggs for holy week. Every day she found an egg in a wagon box in the shed. It happened one day that the hen, no doubt frightened by the children, flew over the hedge and laid an egg on the neighbor's premises.

The young woman heard her cackle and thought: "I have no time just now; I must make preparations for the festivities. I will get the egg by and by." In the evening she went to the shed, and looked into the wagon box. No egg. She asked her mother-in-law and her brother-in-law whether they had not taken it.

"No," said they; "we have not taken it."

But Taraska, the youngest brother, remarked: "Your hen laid her egg in the

* This is one of a series of short stories that Count Tolstoi wrote for Russian peasants. Having no sympathy with stories about high life in the cities, they had asked him to write something about their own lives. He did so. But while he sought to entertain his unlettered readers with stories, written in a style of extraordinary simplicity, he aimed at making these writings a vehicle of his peculiar views of life. In the story here printed, his notions of the character of evil are illustrated

excellently. It is also a justification of his belief in non-resistance. Evil once called into existence by the commission of a wrong, is not, as this story shows, to be exterminated by the commission of another wrong. Such a course only tends to multiply it ten fold; this is simply sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. Only when an evil is not resisted are its fangs extracted and its ravages stayed. But d'Ivan Chtcherbakov did not learn the lesson until he had been burned out of a house and home.

neighbor's yard. It was there she cackled, and from there she came."

The young woman looked at the hen as she sat by the side of the cock, with her eyes half closed and on the point of going to sleep. She asked her where the egg had been laid, but the hen made no reply. She went over to the neighbor's. The old lady came to meet her.

"What do you wish, my daughter?"

"Grandmother, my hen flew over here today, to be sure. Did she lay an egg on your premises?"

"We have seen none. We have our hen, and, thank God, she has been laying for a long time. We have gathered our own eggs. With those of others we have nothing to do. We, my daughter, do not go into our neighbors' yards to gather eggs."

The young woman felt offended. She spoke one word too much, the neighbor two, and they began to dispute. Meantime Ivan's wife, having gone out after a pail of water, took part in the controversy. Then Gavriilo's wife came upon the scene also, and began to overwhelm her neighbor with reproaches, throwing in her teeth things that had been done and things that had not been done, and the quarrel spread beautifully. All shouted together, each one trying to speak two words at a time, for the more words the more injuries.

"You are this—you are that—you are a thief—and you are a sloven—you are causing the old man, your father-in-law, to die with hunger, you let him go naked."

"And you, you are a pilferer—you took my sieve and sold it—you kept my yoke for carrying water—I want it back."

The yoke is seized and the water spilt. They begin to seize each other's bonnets and to rumple each other's hair. Gavriilo, returning from the fields, takes his wife's part. Ivan seeing this, comes out with his son and throws himself into the *mêlée*.

Ivan is a strong fellow; he hustles everybody about, and pulls out a handful of Gavriilo's beard. A crowd gathers, and the combatants are separated with the greatest difficulty. Such was the beginning of the broil.

Gavriilo picked up the hairs from his beard, wrapped them in paper, and went before the bailiwick to demand justice.

"I did not," he said, "cultivate a beard to have it pulled out by that wretch of an Ivan."

And his wife told every one who would listen to her how Ivan would be sentenced and sent to Siberia. So their hatred became more and more venomous.

From the first the old man had sought to effect a reconciliation, but the younger people would not listen to him.

"This is foolish; you are doing something very foolish," he would say to them. "You are making a mountain of a mole-hill. Reflect for a moment. All this noise on account of an egg. The children have picked up an egg? Great good it will do them. There is not very much in an egg. God provides them for everybody. And then the old woman spoke a bad word? Correct her, teach her how to use better language. You fought? To what may not that lead? Come, make peace and let all this end. If you attempt to do evil it will only recoil upon yourselves."

But the younger members of the family would not listen to the old man. "What he speaks," they thought, "is not wisdom, but the drivel of old age."

Ivan refused to make peace.

"I," said he, "did not tear his beard. He pulled it out, hair by hair, himself, while his son tore my shirt to shreds; look!"

And he went to appear before the justice.

During the course of the proceedings a bolt in Gavriilo's cart disappeared. His wife mentioned the name of Ivan's son in that connection. "We saw him in the night," she said, "pass before the window and approach the cart, and one of the neighbors' women told me he had sold it to the keeper of the tavern." The suit was carried up and there were daily disputes and battles between the two houses. The children repeated the slanders of the elders, and the women, meeting at the brook, made their tongues go more than their washing paddles, and always with hard words.

At first the two men contented themselves with calumniating each other, but finally they came to make use of everything in their power to injure each other, and urged their wives and children to do the same. Matters went from bad to worse.

Ivan Chtcherbakov and Gavriilo, the lame, sought justice before the *skhodki*, before the tribunal of the bailiwick, and before the district judge. They nearly exhausted all the judges. Now it was Gavriilo who sought to

have a fine imposed upon Ivan, and now it was the latter who attempted to have the former incarcerated. And the more they annoyed one another the greater grew their mutual hatred. As with two belligerent dogs, the more they fight, the more enraged they become. Strike one of them from behind, and he believes himself bitten by the other and his fury increases. So with the two moujiks. They went before the tribunal, and turn by turn were fined or imprisoned, and each time they became more and more set against each other. "Just wait, you shall pay for this." Things went on in this way for six years.

The old man, always repeating the same chant from his place by the hearth, was the only one who talked sense.

"Children, what are you doing? Let all these things alone. You are not looking after your own interests. Do not be so incensed against your neighbor; it only increases his grudge. The more violent you are the more you will suffer."

But no one gave ear to the old man.

The sixth year saw another quarrel spring up.

One day, at a marriage, Ivan's daughter-in-law put Gavriilo to shame before everybody by accusing him of having been seen with two horses in his possession which were not his. Gavriilo, beside himself with rage, and unable to control his passion, struck the woman. He struck so that she was compelled to keep her bed for more than a week, and she was at that time *enceinte*. Ivan was rejoiced. He went before the judge with a complaint. "Now," he thought, "I shall be rid of my neighbor. He will surely go to Siberia."

But he was again mistaken. The judge did not admit his request. He had the woman examined. She was up and not a mark was found on her.

Ivan then went before a higher court which sent him to the tribunal of the bailiwick. There he bestirred himself so well, giving officials gifts of sweet vodka, that he succeeded in having Gavriilo sentenced to be whipped. The sentence was read to the culprit: "The tribunal orders that the peasant Gavriilo Gordeiro be punished with twenty stripes on his back."

Ivan listened also. He looked at Gavriilo: "What will he do now?"

When the latter had heard the sentence he turned white as a sheet and went out into the vestibule. Ivan followed. As he walked toward his horses, Gavriilo said: "It is well; you will have my back whipped, and my back will be warmed, but have a care that yours is not warmed still more."

Hearing these words, Ivan returned at once to the judge.

"Just judge," he said, "he threatens me with fire. Hear what he said before witnesses." Gavriilo was recalled.

"Is it true that you said this?"

"I have said nothing. Whip me, since you have condemned me to such punishment. I see that I alone must suffer for the truth, while he—he is allowed to do anything."

Gavriilo would have said more, but his lips and his cheeks began to tremble and he turned toward the wall.

The judge himself became frightened in looking at him. "That he may not meditate a bad stroke against his neighbor or himself," he thought, and the little judge said to them: "See here, my brothers. Become reconciled, that will be the best. Are you not ashamed of having struck a woman, Brother Gavriilo? You ought to be thankful that God has preserved her, otherwise what a sin you might have had to carry on your conscience! Ask your opponent's pardon and he will forgive you. Then we may revoke our sentence," and he continued to reason with the men. But he only had his pains for his trouble. Gavriilo showed himself obdurate.

"I am," said he, "half a century old lacking a year. I have a married son, and I have never struck anybody, and now this wretch of an Ivan has had me sentenced to be whipped—and should I ask his pardon? Ah, well! enough of this. Ivan will remember me."

His voice trembled again, he could say no more; he turned and went out.

It was late when Ivan reached his home, and the women were away attending to the cattle. He unharnessed his horse and entered the house. No one there. The sons had not yet come from the fields, and the women were still among the cattle. Ivan sat down upon a bench and began to think. He remembered how pale Gavriilo became when the sentence was read to him; how he had turned his face toward the wall. His

revengeful feeling left him. Suppose it had been himself who had been sentenced to the whipping post! and he felt pity for Gavriilo.

At that moment he heard his father cough and move about. Letting his feet fall he descended from his bed, and dragged himself to the bench where his son was, and sat down. This effort exhausted him; he coughed again, and, leaning upon the table, said: "Well, has sentence been pronounced?"

"He has been sentenced to receive twenty lashes." The old man raised his head.

"This is an evil thing you have done," he said. "Oh, how unfortunate! It is not him but yourself you are injuring. So they are going to whip his back? and you, will you feel the better for this?"

"He will not repeat his offense," replied Ivan.

"What is it he will not do again? In what has he done worse than you?"

Ivan flew into a passion.

"How? What has he done?" he exclaimed. "He just missed killing my wife, and now he has threatened me with fire. Must I still bow before him?"

The old man sighed and said:

"Because you mingle with the world, Ivan, and I crouch by the hearth, you imagine you have seen everything and I nothing. No, my son, you see nothing. Anger blinds you. The sins of others are before you; your own behind you. What did you say? He does evil? But if he were the only one there would be no evil. Does evil ever come from one alone? No, it always springs from two. You see his misdeeds but you never see your own. If he were the only evil one, and if you did only what is well, there would be no evil. Who pulled his beard? Who has dragged him from tribunal to tribunal? You charge him with everything without leading a better life yourself, and from this evil arises. It is not thus, my son, that I have lived, and it is not thus I have taught you. Did his father and I live in this way? How did we live? As good neighbors. He had no more flour in the house—his wife came: 'Uncle Frol, I must have a little flour.' 'Go into the pantry, my daughter, and take all that you need.' He had no one to look after his horses. 'Go, Ivan, and take care of his horses.' If I was in want of anything, I

went to him. 'Uncle Gordy, I need this or that.' 'Take it, Uncle Frol.'

"Thus we conducted ourselves and found it well. But now, what is going on? A soldier lately talked of Plevna, but is not your war worse for you than Plevna? Is this the way to live? And what a sin! You, moujik, are the head of the household, you are responsible for all. Now what are you teaching the women and the children? To live like dogs. Did not Taraska, the little brat, abuse his aunt yesterday? Does he not laugh in his mother's face? Is this well? You will be the first to suffer from it all. Think a little about your soul. Is this the way to do? You revile me once, I revile you twice: you give me a box on the ear, I give you two. No, my dear, our Lord, when he descended to earth, did not teach us poor creatures this. If one speaks an evil word to you, do not reply and he will himself redder over it. Such are the teachings of our Saviour: 'If any one smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also.' Say to one, 'Strike me if I deserve it,' and he will be ashamed to do so. He will repent and adopt your opinion. This is what we have been taught, and not to be haughty. Well, why are you silent? Is not this the truth?" Ivan kept his peace and listened.

The old man was taken with so violent a fit of coughing that he composed himself with difficulty. Then he continued:

"Do you think Jesus Christ came to teach us evil? No, it is for us to do good always. Just see what sort of a life you are leading. Do you feel better or worse for this Plevna? Count up and see what you have spent in litigation, in traveling, in food for yourself and horses. Your sons are veritable hawks; you might have nothing to do but live quietly and prosper, while, instead of that, your substance is wasting away, and why? Always from the same cause, your pride. You should go to the field with your sons to sow wheat, and here you are obliged to run to a judge or to a lawyer, and you do not labor contentedly for a moment. You do not sow at the right time, and our nourishing mother yields nothing for nothing. Why did not the oats appear? When did you sow it? Only after your return from the city. And what have you gained? an additional burden upon your back. Ah, my dear, do not occupy yourself with anything but your

own affairs. Dig in the earth with your children and stay at home. If any one offends you, forgive him. You will then have sufficient time to attend to your own duties, and will also feel more light in heart." Ivan still remained silent.

"This is what I had to say to you, Ivan. Believe it from an old man. Go then, saddle your horse, return to the tribunal by the same road, withdraw all your complaints; then to-morrow go over to Gavril, make your peace with him, and invite him to your home. To-morrow is a holiday, prepare your samovar, buy some vodka. Put an end to all this wickedness so that it shall never come up again. Give your orders to the women and the children."

Ivan gave a sigh. "What the old man says is true," he thought, and he felt himself shaken. Only, he did not know how to begin to make peace. As if he had divined his son's thoughts, the father said again: "Go, Ivan, do not delay; extinguish the fire in its beginning; if the flames once leap up, you can not master them."

He had still more to say but was unable to finish, as the women entered the house at that moment and began to chatter like magpies. They had already heard of Gavril's sentence and his threat. They had even found time for a skirmish in the field with Gavril's women-folks. They related how these had menaced them with a member of the tribunal, a judge who, it appeared, took Gavril's part. He was now changing the aspect of the case, and the school-master had already drawn up a petition to the Czar in person. In this petition everything was detailed, the wagon bolt, a certain patch of vegetables, and all the rest. Half of Ivan's possessions would go to Gavril.

Ivan listened to them and his heart hardened again. He no longer felt like making peace.

At the home of a comfortably situated moujik there is always something to do. Without stopping to palaver with the women, he rises, leaves the house, and goes out into the open air or into the barn. While performing his duties there, the sun has had time to set again, and the children have also come from the fields where they have been at work. Thus passed the following day with Ivan. He put a torn harness aside to mend it.

Night was already falling. "It only remains to eat supper and go to bed," thought Ivan, taking the harness and directing his steps toward the house. He had forgotten all about Gavril and what his father had said. As he was entering the porch he heard his neighbor, behind the hedge, reviling some one in a hoarse voice.

"The devil take it!" exclaimed Gavril; "he ought to be killed!"

Ivan stopped, listened, then raised his head and entered the house. The lamp was already lighted, the young woman was sitting at her spinning wheel in the corner, the older one was preparing the evening meal, the oldest son was busy making wooden shoes, the second had a book in his hand, and Taraska was preparing to go out for the night.

Everything was pleasant within, if it were not for that scoundrel of a neighbor!

Ivan was in bad humor. He drove the cat from the bench and scolded the women because the tub was not in its place. Annoyed and in a disagreeable temper, he seated himself to mend the harness. Gavril's words kept ringing in his ears, both his threats in court and the expression he had just heard, "He deserves to have some one kill him."

His wife prepared Taraska's supper, who ate, put on his coat, took a piece of bread, and went out to find the horses. His eldest brother wished to go with him, but Ivan himself rose and went out upon the door-step. It was now quite dark out of doors. The sky was overcast with clouds and the wind began to blow. Ivan descended from the door-steps, helped his son to mount the horse, stirred up the colts, stopped, looked about, and listened. Taraska departed at a gallop, joining other moujiks of his age, and left the village.

Ivan remained for some time near the *porte cochère* and he could not help pondering over Gavril's language again, "Take care that your own back is not warmed still more."

"He is not the man to hesitate," he thought. "It is so dry now and the wind is blowing. He could sneak over in the darkness, set fire to the rear of the house, and afterward come to watch it, stand illumined by it, the brigand! and I would not be able to convict him. Ah, if I could only surprise him in the act, he would not escape so easily."

This fear took such complete possession of him that he did not return to the house, but went out into the street and turned the corner of the house. "I must go as far as my yard extends; who knows? I must be on the look-out."

Ivan walked along with measured steps. The corner reached, he looked along the hedge and it seemed to him he saw something move at the other corner, that something appeared for a moment behind the wall. Ivan stopped and held his breath. He watched and listened. Everything was quiet, nothing moved but the wind stirring the leaves and branches, and sighing in the tree-tops. It was so dark that eyes were useless. But Ivan finally became accustomed to the obscurity, and he was able to distinguish the corner of the wall, the carriage-house near it, and the house before him. He stood thus for a few moments looking about and seeing nobody.

"I was mistaken," said Ivan to himself, "but I will make a tour of inspection all the same," and he advanced cautiously. He walked without making any noise, hardly hearing his own steps. He walked and walked. All at once he saw something sparkle near the corner, then disappear.

The effect was like a blow in his heart. He stopped. At the same place, something shone still more brightly, and he distinctly saw a crouching man, in a bonnet, setting fire to a bundle of straw.

Ivan's heart leaped in his breast like a bird. He summoned all his strength and crossed the distance separating him from the man with long leaps, not feeling the ground beneath his feet.

"Ah, well," he thought, "I will surprise him in the act."

He had taken but a few steps when a great fire broke out, but not in the place where the sparks had first been seen. It was the straw of the roof that was in flames. Gavrilov was there, plainly in sight. As a kite darts upon a lark, Ivan threw himself upon the lame neighbor. "I will tie him," he said to himself. "He shall not escape me."

But the lame one, no doubt, heard his steps; he turned and—whence came this fleetness?—began to run like a hare alongside the barn. "You shall not escape," cried Ivan, setting out in pursuit. Already he was on the point

of seizing him by the collar; but Gavrilov slipped from his hands, seized the skirt of Ivan's coat, which was torn, and Ivan fell to the ground. Ivan rose quickly, and began to cry, "Help! help! arrest him!" and continued the chase.

While he was regaining his feet Gavrilov had almost reached his own yard, but Ivan came up with him, and was again on the point of seizing him, when something stunned him as if a stone had struck him on the head. Gavrilov had seized a heavy oak stick, and at the moment when his adversary was upon him, dealt him a blow with all his might. Ivan saw a hundred lights, fell, and everything became dark. When he recovered consciousness again, Gavrilov was no longer there. It was bright as day, and over in his yard something cracked and hissed like an engine. Ivan turned, his barn was in flames, and the fire spreading to the house and other buildings. The sparks and burning straw were flying in all directions. "What in the world are you doing, brothers?" cried Ivan. He raised his hands and then let them fall to his sides.

"But I only had to draw down the bundle of straw from the edge of the roof and extinguish the fire," he thought.

He tried to shout, but his breath failed him, and he could not utter a word. He attempted to run, but his knees knocked together and his legs refused to obey him. He dragged himself along a few steps, tottered, and his breath failed him again. He stopped, regained his faculties, and began to walk. Before he had reached his own premises his house was burning, and it was no longer possible to enter his yard.

A crowd gathered, but it was impossible to fight the flames, and the neighbors began to remove their furniture and cattle.

Gavrilov's houses were next set on fire, the wind increased, and half the village was swept away as with a broom. They rescued the old man and the rest of the family had saved themselves as they might.

Everything was abandoned to the fire except the horses that were out for the night. The cattle, hens, wagons, carts, implements, everything was consumed. They succeeded in driving out Gavrilov's cattle and a part of his goods was saved.

The fire lasted all night.

"What is going on, brothers? It was only

necessary to pull down the straw and extinguish it!"

But when the floor of his house fell, he entered the thickest of the fire, seized a burning beam, and began to draw it out. The women, seeing him, screamed, but he removed the beam and went in search of another.

He staggered and fell into the burning pit. His son sprang to his rescue and drew him out. Ivan's beard, hair, hands, and clothes were burned, but he knew it not.

"Grief has made him crazy," they said in the crowd.

The fire began to subside, but Ivan, remaining in the same place, repeated, again and again, "What is going on, brothers? It was only necessary to pull out the straw."

Toward morning the mayor sent his son to look for Ivan.

"Uncle Ivan, your father is dying and he wants to see you."

Ivan had forgotten his father. He understood not what was said to him.

"Whose father? Whom does he want?"

"He wants you. He is dying at our house. Come, Uncle Ivan."

With much difficulty Ivan was finally made to understand, and he followed the mayor's son. While they had taken the old man from the burning house, flaming straw had fallen upon him and he had received severe injuries. He had been taken to the chief of the village, who lived in the suburb so far away that it was spared by the scourge.

When Ivan arrived no one was in the room except the mayor's wife and children. All the others had run to the fire. The old man lay stretched on a sofa with a taper in his hand, and his eyes turned upon the door.

When Ivan entered the father made a movement, and the woman approached him, telling him his son had come.

"Tell him to come nearer," said the old man.

When Ivan had placed himself by his side, he said:

"Well, Ivan, what did I tell you? Who has burned the village?"

"He did it, dear father, he did it; I caught him in the act. He set fire to the roof before my eyes—all I had to do was to stamp out the fire in the bundle of straw, and nothing would have happened."

"Ivan," said the father, "I am dying and you also will die. Who has sinned?"

Ivan looked at him and remained silent. He could not say a word.

"Before God, speak! Who has sinned? What did I tell you?"

Then Ivan came to his senses. His breath came in gasps. He fell on his knees before his father, burst into tears, and said: "I have sinned. I am guilty before you and before God."

The dying man moved his hands. He took the candle in his left hand, and with his right attempted to make the sign of the cross upon Ivan's face, but was unable to do so. "God be praised, God be praised!" he exclaimed, looking at his son. "Ivan, oh, Ivan!"

"What, dear father?"

"What will become of us now?"

Ivan, still weeping, replied, "I do not know, dear father, how we are to live now."

The old man closed his eyes, moved his lips and murmured, as he gathered together his remaining strength and opened his eyes: "You will live if you are just; you will live."

He became silent. Then he smiled and continued: "Listen, Ivan; do not reveal who set fire to the house. Conceal another's sin and God will forgive you two sins."

The old man took the candle in both his hands and united them upon his heart. A sigh escaped him and he was dead.

Ivan did not expose Gavril, and no one knows the origin of the fire. His heart was no longer bitter against Gavril, and the latter was astonished that he did not expose him. He feared him, at first, but gradually became reassured. Neither the moujiks nor their families quarreled more. While new houses were built they lived side by side in one yard, and Ivan and Gavril, as neighbors, lived peaceably as their fathers had done.

And Ivan always remembered the last words of his father, and the instruction from God, that a fire should be extinguished in its beginning. If any one did him wrong he sought not to be revenged, but to come to a better understanding; and if any one gave him an evil word, he replied not with a worse. On the contrary, he abstained from evil speech and taught his women and children to abstain also.

And Ivan Chitcherbakov found it well to follow such precepts, and lived a better life than before.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NEGRO.

BY ELI SHEPARD.

AND what is death?" I asked an old negro woman. She had come from several miles out in the hill-country to sell to the townspeople a basket of late "roasting-ears." She was such a queer specimen of humanity, and ideas and fancies from her weird world of ignorance flew so rapidly to her tongue, that one was enticed into desire to hear more of her jargon.

"And what is death?" I asked her. "Do you know it?"

"Ey! I know it," she answered. "I ha' done seen it in times er sorrer, in times er sickness. Hit's er shader in er darkness; hit's like er spider's web, 'cept 'ez hit's black, black ez de long hours er night—dee legs uv it, dar whar hit hangs o'er de wool' by, dee air—long—long—long. Dee reach, one ter de eas', one ter de wes', one ter de north, en one ter de south: right fum its middle hangs er reap-hook. En dat shadder en darkness hit comes drappin' down on yer, creepin' up on yer; hit gits hol 'er yo' feet. Den hit slips up ter yer knees, den hit slips up, up, up, twel hit gits ter yo' breas'. Dat reap-hook hit gi's er wrench ter de breaf er yo' mouf, en dar! yer gone—caze yer breaf hit's yer soul!"

Among those of the race that live far from white people, their teaching and their influence, there is a barbarous belief that, whereas God is indeed Creator of the dominant white race, they, poor blacks, are the handiwork of Satan. This making a man contra to the commands of our Creator was the sin for which the devil, once an angel of high degree, was flung from heaven: "Flung into hell," declared my informant, the corn-vender, "en dar he be now tied ter de wheel er de chariot er fire! Chained ter de turnin' wheel er fire; en dar he gwine stay twel de great Risin' Day."

Finishing the uncouth legend: The devil, succeeding only in forming the shape of a man without the soul, became, as it were, a creator of death. "He blew en he blew, but dar come no life, dar come no breaf!" said the woman, excitedly. "But de Lo'd he

feel s'sorry fer de dead man dat he gin him er breaf en er soul same ez er white man."

The larger amount of their superstitions, however, affect not such primal beliefs, but bear upon little daily events which their ignorant minds translate into signs and wonders. Their folk-lore is rife with signs of coming death—"death-warnin's." If apple-trees put on twice in one year their rosy covering of blossoms, death's cold feet are sure to walk that way. More still do the white blooms of the pear, coming at undue season, portend a shroud for some person passing beneath those white flowers, expected only to show their kindly sweetness at early spring. When a dog comes to the yard in front of a house-door, there lying on his back with legs pawing the air, making a motion to and fro as if rubbing his back, know that he measures a grave for some member of the household. Or, if death be very near, the dog will bark and whine at unseemly hours. If a person sneeze once while eating, it is his death-sign. Should a rooster come to a house-door and crow lustily into the house, the death-spirit will be the unwelcome guest who will soon enter that door. If, on a sunny morning, a brood of chickens lie flat on the ground all in a row, with wings spread wide, sunning themselves, they are measuring a grave; if the row of extended wings cover a long space, a long grave shall be needed; if a short space be measured by the wings, a child will pass over the dark river.

Three lamps burning at once in a room is portent for either the eldest or youngest person occupying the apartment to quit life for death ere a full year passes.

Screech-owls, with their quivering, harrowing cries, portend death; but they are very sensitive little creatures to all counter-charms put upon them from within the house over which they croon their dolorous monologue. Just "jam de shevel inter de fire, en time hit git red hot dee'll hesh dere shiverin'!" or sprinkle salt on the blaze, or turn a pair of shoes up on the floor with soles

against the walls ; perhaps this faint semblance to a laid-out corpse will pacify the hungry spirit ; the charm certainly (according to negro belief) will silence its harsh-voiced emissary.

To hear cows lowing late in the night—"down deep in de night"—is as sure a warning of approaching death to a near and a dear one "ez ef some pusson were a' ready laid on de coolin' board."

When shy forest-birds come to flutter about a dwelling as if they were frightened ; when they seek entrance, and, agitated by unwonted signs of civilization, beat their wings wildly for exit, so some soul will flutteringly seek its exit from that house. And a black butterfly, woeesome one of a light-some breed, will bear into a home dreadful portent.

Woe to that careless individual who strides through a happy home bearing on his shoulder a hoe, or an ax, or shovel, or spade ; that looks as if he were bound for the place of graves ; and the ever-watchful, too-eager spirit of death will follow through that house with swift gait to choose his own.

Never dig a grave until the day of the burial ; for, if left open over night, the gaping mouth will call, and call, and call for a whole family to follow that way. Neither must the burying of the dead be after sundown, for doing the deed on the wane of the day will place a direful spell upon all the dead one's family and friends to follow soon to the last rest. One must never step over graves ; neither must one count graves, nor ever point at a grave. A house must never be swept out after sunset : there is some woful portent attached to the act ; nor must a broom, used with cleanly intent, touch the floor while a corpse lies cold within the house. When a grave is filled, the tools used thereabout should be laid on either side of it and left until other use absolutely requires them ; if taken straight from the new grave, the anxious spirit will seek them. Nor should an old grave be freshened and remounded when a new one is dug.

Very meaningless are most of the negro superstitions, yet in some way all seem to point to the vast insatiability of death. He must be invited by no weird circumstances ; by no careless freak, such as carrying sharp, heavy implements through a house ; by no undue delay in the performance of offices for

the dead, or any undue haste to leave the lost to hurry back to life ; by the greedy carrying away of the last things needed by the dead—the shovel and the hoe—to have on hand to begin straightway the making of bread to fill living mouths.

Even to the simple act of poultry raising queer superstitions are attached. For instance, a successful poultry raiser will always take the shells just cracked and left by the downy brood and place them above the nest ; the higher the broken shells are placed the more rapid and satisfactory will be the growth of the brood. And here is an infallible rule by which one can "raise turkeys," those least hardy of yard fowls : "Ef yer want ter raise turkeys, en raise 'em certain en sure, des ee you take dem shells whar de small turkeys ha' des busted, en string 'em all on er yaller-homespun string er yarn, en hang 'em up 'ginst de lef' side er de jam er de chimney ; den you gi' dem young turkeys pepper-grass ter eat, en gi' hit ter 'em soon !"

When a nestful of fluffy little chickens are taking their first peep at the world from under the mother-hen's wings, the careful poulterer on the watch for such welcome event will run hastily to the nest with an empty sifter. This she will shake over the brood ; the empty sifter lets through nothing, nor does it catch anything, but shaken thus over the "hatching nest" will be an efficacious charm against all hawks or other birds of prey : "Dem sifter-shuck chickens 'll be too spry ter be cotch !"

Now if a person be so lucky as to find a nestful of wild turkeys, just hatched, he can secure and tame the whole brood if he sprinkle over them nestling in the grasses a handful of black pepper.

To make fruit trees, or indeed any species of tree, grow rapidly, hang an old horseshoe on one of its limbs. To find a horseshoe will invariably bring good luck to its finder ; and a horseshoe hung in front of a house will keep off witches and insure to the inmates of the house sound, healthful slumber. To find a knife, or needle, or pin, or pair of scissors—indeed anything at the same time *sharp* and *useful*—in the "big road" will insure the finder good fortune. If the point of the thing found be turned to the finder, the luck will be especially fitted to the man or woman who picks it up.

A rabbit-foot kept in the vest pocket, or worn as a charm about the neck, will ward off evil, and will also bestow great strength upon its keeper. A black cat's foot will insure its wearer against the bite of any dog, however vicious the dog may be, or however roguish may be the wearer's intent and appearance. A certain crook of the arm, too, will defend one from any attack of the watch-dog; but this bit of *sleight of arm* is known only to a few, and those mostly (we learn) who are of very roguish disposition. To have about a house some place of deposit for old shoes, and therein to keep all the worn-out leather of the household, will bring good luck to the family. To lace or button one shoe ere putting on the other is bad luck, probably because the stepping of the feet would be as uneven as was the attiring of the same. Hair should never be cut from the human head if excess of good fortune be craved.

Whereas it is a deathful portent for wood-birds to flutter in and about a house, it is a very excellent omen for gentle, fearless little birds to nest about a dwelling.

By dreams this race, as well as all other races in the infancy of their civilization, make augury of coming events. To dream of eating fruit out of its season is fatefully ominous. And to dream of finding a hen's nest full of eggs, none broken, is a sign of coming evil. If a person dream of finding a purse full of money then let him begin to make locks fast, for thievish hands are reaching for the dreamer's goods. But if the purse found in dreams be empty, there will be a fortune left to its finder. To dream of a death signifies that a marriage is near at hand; if of a marriage, a death will soon follow the dream: all of which seem but to heap proof of truth upon the adage, "Dreams go by contraries." If there is laughter before breakfast, there will be tears before night; if singing before breakfast, crying will fill the singing mouth before sunset. To burn sassafras-wood will make a breach and direful feuds among the most loving of friends and families.

A housekeeper watchful for "signs" will ever be ready for whatever guest may come. She will know that if a dishcloth be dropped, a hungry guest will be coming. If a spider drops half-way down on his web from the ceiling, and then turns back and clambers up to the ceiling again, the expected guests

have started to your house, but untoward circumstances (the "breakdown" of the vehicle, perhaps) have detained them; they may not be expected that day. But if the insect comes all the way to the floor, begin to cook a good dinner; the house will be filled with company.

The rooster, too, keeps a long lookout for coming guests. If he crow toward the front door, or the back door, you can form some idea of the high or low degree of the newcomer.

Young girls sitting meditatively before the wood-fire of an evening may form some idea as to who will bear them company; if a long log should roll down from the blazing heap, a tall man will be the visitor; if a short log roll down, a "short statured" man will call. And if a girl can make up a pretty bed—an accomplishment that Ruskin says every woman should possess—she will be rewarded, inasmuch as she will be sure to marry a man with a well-shaped nose. If, on the contrary, her bed-making is not approvable, the man of her choice will have a most ungainly nose. If a girl should spill a handful of salt, she will not marry during that year; or, if she carelessly knock over a chair, she will not in a year wear a bridal veil.

To twirl a chair about in the hands will bring bad luck. To step over a broom will call misfortunes upon one. To move a cat from house to house is bad luck, or to move a broom. But never, in leaving a house, leave it uncleanly; yet the woman must not herself scour the floors, for that will (in some inexplicable way) be moving herself out of the house into which she is going. A neighbor must be called in to do the necessary scouring. But the mover may herself sweep the house and yard, then pass out of the gate, leaving the broom with handle toward the street (or more properly, road or path, for this is plantation lore), ready to the hand of the next housekeeper who takes possession here. This careful sweeping and leaving of the broom will both leave good luck behind and carry good luck along with the prudent housekeeper.

In making a journey, if a rabbit or any four-footed beast run across the path, it portends evil to the traveler. Whether he be riding or walking he must get down to the ground, and make a cross there ere he dare

move on. Turn back on any journey you are making if a screech-owl cries above you! However, an "old hooting-owl" may foretell either good or bad fortune according as its three hoots are given on the right or left hand. This is an unfailing sign (to its faithful believers) if one goes at night either 'coon or 'possum hunting. Three hoots to the left will send any hunter home hopeless from the chase, while three hoots on the right will bring him success. Starting to visit a neighbor, if the right foot trip while walking, know that the visit is expected with pleasure; but if the left foot trip, turn back or be an unwelcome guest. But before turning back, sit flat on the ground; no prudent person will turn square back on his tracks without taking this precaution. And in taking a stroll, never turn until you have reached a turn of the road or the corner of a fence.

The good farmer or gardener will do his planting or sowing according to the waxing or waning of the moon. He will sow his watermelons, or peas, or beans, or corn—indeed any vegetable that bears its product above ground—on the increase of the moon. But potatoes, turnips, all "root crops," must be planted on the decrease of the moon to insure a full garnering. Nor will the careful householder kill his supply of meat on the

moon's wane, for meat killed and cured on the wane will dry up in the cooking, whereas that made ready for storage on the wax of the moon will swell in the pot.

When at early spring the fields are brown and sweet with upturned earth; when all the woods are rich with penetrating odor of wild grape blossoms, and mellow with perfume of crab-apple thickets blushing with weight of most fragrant flowers; when streams are loosed from the cold clamping hand of winter, note the groups of laborers at their task of corn-shelling. They are gathered about the smoldering fires in the humble cabins scattered over our wide-stretching plantation: how careful they are that no cob from which the planting-corn is shelled shall fall among the coals! The prudent wife, when the shelling is over, will gather into her apron all the cobs, taking care not to leave even one to be burned, or to be thrown perhaps where wandering stock might set foot on it. She will carry them to some running stream, and beneath its bed, under the light of the growing moon, she will bury deep the cobs, that the coming fields of corn may be molested neither by prowling stock, nor thievish hands, nor drouth, nor "firing up" of fields. May her efforts and her faith insure to the laborers a full crop!

HORSES AND HUNTING IN PERSIA.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

I.

THE horse occupies by all odds the most important place of all animals in the life of the Persian people, high and low. Persia without horses would be, indeed, "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out. Travel, in fact all locomotion, would be out of the question.

The Persians of to-day, as those of old, are a "horsey" race, born riders, fond of their horses, looking never complete till seen in the saddle, with all the luxurious trappings and ornaments they love to bestow upon their persons and their quadrupeds. The beauty and superior breed of a horse, together with the costliness of his apparel, are an unfailing indication of the owner's wealth and

station. And such harness, such saddles, girths, and blankets! It is the Arabian Nights *redivivus*. On race day last spring, after the contests were over, the Shah caused his finest charger, a Turcoman of magnificent proportions, to be brought in front of the huge pavilion tent wherein the whole European and American diplomatic corps was assembled. What a fine fellow the animal was, and how he was admired and caressed by the ladies! But what was especially noticeable about him was the splendor of his accouterments. A saddle blanket of the finest cashmere, every square inch of which was worth several gold pieces; his broad bridle thickly incrustated with diamonds and emeralds and rubies, each the size of a hazelnut; the bit of pure gold, and the saddle straps and other

pieces made of velvet and embossed with artistic lumps of gold and precious stones. The whole outfit was worth a large fortune; and this was but one of many.

Thousands of Persians own beautiful horses which they would not sell for love or money, albeit these men are quite ready and willing to sell anything else, including their honor, at a fair price. And the gold and silver and turquoises and rubies that are lavished by them upon the equipage of their beasts! It is simply marvelous and is one of the few bits of mediæval splendor and chivalric romance that have survived even in Persia in this nineteenth century.

But to come to the cold facts in regard to the different breeds of horses. There are three of them of pure lineage (besides several mixed breeds)—the Arab, the Turcoman, and the Persian. The Persian horse enjoyed a pre-eminent reputation in ancient times, and the poets and historians, both native and Greek, have loudly praised his fine build and fiery spirit. But to-day the Persian horse is a poor, much-abused creature, of ungainly shape, knobby head, pot-bellied, and rough of coat. The natives call him "*yaboo*," meaning a homely old critter.

The decadence of this breed was due to the conquest of the country by the Arabs twelve hundred and fifty years ago. The fleet and docile, spirited and clean-limbed steeds of the conquering race made the native horses despised, as the religion and language, manners and institutions of their owners were also despised and trodden under foot. All judicious breeding of the native animals was neglected and abandoned, and no care in the selection of stock further exercised, thus gradually making out of the once famous and high-spirited Persian horse a poor, degraded slave, used to kicks and lashes from the earliest days of his foalhood. For all that the *yaboo* is still a remarkable creature. In some respects he is the most serviceable beast that could be conceived of. Indolent when he thinks he can afford it, fed on a poor and decidedly cheap diet, he is indefatigable when it comes to the point, an untiring climber, sure of foot and patient as a donkey, never sick; no matter how much exposed to the rigors of a fickle climate, he is sure to "git thar" safe and sound and on time, provided you spare neither spur nor whip.

The amount of work there is in these animals is simply astounding. For instance, in going from Teheran to Resht (a distance of two hundred and ninety-eight miles), I used *chappar* (post) horses, the scrub and fag of the *yaboo* race. Taking one at Aghababa, a poor little fellow that had done already what would be thought a good day's work in other countries, he made the twenty-three miles to the station on top of the Kharzan Mountain (twelve thousand feet high), over a rough and rocky path, up and down, up and down, after climbing on steep mountain sides and down monstrous declivities, in three and one-half hours. Next morning, up at four o'clock, after a luxurious breakfast of straw and a little barley, the plucky little beast carried me an even forty miles to Mendjeel, under a broiling sun and over an execrable path, arriving at our destination before noon. And then, while I sank exhausted on a rug in the *chappar khane* (post house), the little *yaboo* was still as lively as a cricket. Where else in this world are there horses to do this, and do it all the days of their lives?

Arab horses are very numerous in Persia, more especially in the south, however. In the southwest, where Persia adjoins southern Turkey and the Persian Gulf which separates it from Arabia, every man of means owns at least a couple of fine Arabs. Those from Hedjaz and Yemen are the most common, though the Bagdad breed is the highest prized. The Bagdad horses are somewhat taller, and are more often duns and grays than of any other shade. They frequently stand sixteen hands high, while the other Arabs seldom exceed fifteen, and generally remain behind that figure. The Baghdadees, as they are called by the Persians, lack a little of the symmetric outline of the other Arabs; the contour of their head is not quite so expressive and fine, and they are not quite so docile or so hardy. But for short distances they show more speed.

The Turcoman horse, however, is the prince. In outward form he greatly resembles the English thoroughbred, but his chest is not quite so full, and his legs are longer. He is an enormous beast, seventeen and a half hands high being no unusual thing with him. He is the Persian's favorite horse. For actual work the Persian mostly uses the *yaboo*, but in his stately peregrinations

through the street, gravely seated in a high saddle on his prancing steed, caparisoned regardless of expense, horse and rider making a most picturesque and imposing *ensemble*, it is always a Turcoman horse that makes up one-half of the picture. The Shah has several hundreds of these big Turcomans in his stable, and every grandee has a corresponding number. For purposes of show indeed no finer horse can be imagined, but for all practical ends the Arab as well as the *yaboo*, or the mixed breeds, are much preferable in a mountainous country like Persia, where there is hardly a level space of even but a few miles in length. For while in Turkestan, the home of this horse, on his immense plains he goes whole days with unequaled fleetness and endurance, without once stumbling, in Persia there is no unsafer nag. Even at a moderate canter, nay, at a step, he is liable to fall and throw his rider. And as the Persians, although inveterate riders, have no firm seat and are forever tumbling off their horses, it may be imagined how this failing of theirs is aggravated by the Turcoman horses.

On his native heath, however, the Turcoman horse can't be beat. Some of the feats accomplished by him sound almost incredible; and yet they are true as gospel. I saw a Turcoman horse in Teheran that had once belonged to a chief of the Tekke-Turcomans, and had been captured on the raid during which his master was slain. This horse, standing eighteen hands high, with broad, flat hoofs, and of an iron-gray tinge, was the scion of a long line of remarkable ancestors, each one famous in the traditional songs of the desert. His name was *Barg dar Behisht* (Lightning from Heaven), and he deserved it. Poor old Lutf Ali Khan, his dead master, had once successfully conducted a raid into Khorassan, a distance of two hundred miles from the Turcoman border line, riding Barg all the way. During the four days of this raid spent on Persian territory the horse had made one hundred and fifty miles in one day, only once drinking a few mouthfuls of water and eating absolutely nothing; yet going from sunrise till sundown at an easy, swinging gallop that brought no discomfort to the rider, and at a rate of speed not much slower than the average freight train in America. Uninterrupted rides of one hundred to one hundred

and twenty miles are nothing to the thoroughbred Turcoman, and it was due much more to the excellence of his steed than to the sturdy bravery and love of liberty of his master that the tribes of Turkestan, the Tekkes and Uzbeks, were able to maintain their independence for so many centuries, although they were a ceaseless goad in the sides of their neighbors, the Persians, Afghans, Chinese, and Russians.

But the training of these horses is something remarkable too. Let us suppose that Mohammed Izzet Khan, the young chieftain of the Uzbeks, is meditating a raid into Persian territory. His larder is empty and his harem needs replenishing. His desert home will give him nothing but fleet horses, herds of cattle, and what they yield. But there is Persia, just a few days' journey off, with its fertile valleys, its rich trade, and pretty women; and, since it is inhabited by a race of infidels (Sheeites, while the Turcomans are Sunnites), it is righteous and profitable as well to despoil them. So the youthful Khan thrusts his long spear into the turf next to his tent, and one of his dependants at the same time proclaims in a sonorous voice that Mohammed Izzet Khan, a pillar of the Tekke tribe, a young lion whose courage never failed, and whose prey never escaped, is ready to go forth on a crusade against the unbelieving dogs, the Farsees, worshipers of a false apostle of Allah. The field will be taken against the infidels at the time of the next new moon, and all those wishing to join him, to swear allegiance to him, become his true comrades in arms and share in the spoils, may come forth within five days.

The raid is arranged. Some one hundred and seventy young men of the *aul* (nomad village) pledge their faith to the chieftain, and then two weeks are left to make everything ready. Now is the time to put the horses through their peculiar training. Every one of the raiders needs two, one to ride, one to carry his baggage and to mount in case his own horse is disabled or killed. All the horses are put for a few days to a laxative regimen, and then the food and water allowance of the horse is gradually reduced to inure him to privation. For two days before the departure the horse is fed exclusively on balls of highly concentrated food, the two principal ingredients of which

are suet and sifted barley flour. This puts the horse in first-class condition. His coat becomes glossy, and his eyes gain in animation. Thus he starts, and, during a *razzia* lasting often five or six days, the animal subsists on nothing but the tough, wiry buffalo grass that grows wild, and a drink of water once in a long while.

His rider returns to his *aoul*, laden with spoil and with a fair new inmate or two for his harem—all due to the extraordinary speed, frugality, and endurance of his charger. Is it any wonder that the Turcoman values his horse higher than anything else on earth, and that the best horses in Turkestan can not be purchased? Cases have been on record where an imprisoned Turcoman, offered life and liberty in exchange for just one piece of ransom—his horse—has indignantly refused, and suffered torture and death rather than give up his cherished idol to his hated and despised enemies, the Persians. A noted Turcoman stallion, Damagh Tsheshme, was recently sold to the new Governor of Russian Turkestan for an immense sum, viz.: fifty-three thousand roubles (twenty-seven thousand dollars), but this was an exceptional case, dictated more by policy than a love of gain.

Generally speaking, however, horses are very cheap in Persia. A good, serviceable and fine-looking half-breed can be bought for twenty-five *tomān* (forty dollars). A *yaboo* may be bought for six dollars and costs seldom more than twenty dollars. A fairly good Arab thoroughbred will cost about sixty to eighty dollars, and a little more will be paid for a Turcoman of second quality. But real first-class horses come high in Persia, as elsewhere, and those in the market at any time are few and far between, and find ready sale. As the craving for fine horses amounts really to a sort of monomania with the high-class Persian, and as no scruples of any kind are allowed to interfere in getting them, those Persians who have them hide them carefully from the view of the Shah and the governors and princes, for fear of being forced to offer them on the altar of the fetish called *pishkish* (a custom making it obligatory on the Persian to present as a gift that which has found the admiration of some superior). Even the princes conceal their finest racers from the sight of their father, and at the spring races

they will give strict instructions to their jockeys to keep their horses from showing unusual speed for fear they will be compelled to give them as *pishkish*.

It is strange that, although the Persians are all horsemen, they do not know how to ride, using the term in our sense. They will canter or gallop all day long without visible discomfort, but they will sit on their animals like monkeys, with their knees drawn up and with their reins clutched tight, and will fall off on the slightest provocation. When babies of three, they are already in the saddle, and they are in it all their lives; but they never receive any instruction, never know what a good, steady trot is, and never learn to keep firm on their horse's back. And like them, the Persian horses never receive any training. The gait they are easiest to ride—the gallop—is their natural one; and they will only quit that for a brief spell in order to rest a little. You can not get a trot out of a Persian horse unless you devote years and years of patient training to it. Then, again, they are all hard-mouthed, and most of them shy at any unusual object or noise. For all that, they have a good deal of native intelligence, and they are kind and affectionate. Kickers and biters are very rare amongst them. While in Arabia and Turkey mares are universally ridden, in Persia it is the stallions alone that serve this purpose. Geldings are unknown.

In the matter of dealers' tricks the Persians, with all their craftiness and cunning, are not up to the Western standard. Still, they understand pretty well how to conceal the ravages time has made, or the imperfections of constitution or disposition in their "critters." Some of their tricks are identical with those obtaining here. There is one great obstacle in the way of success for them, though. Custom makes it incumbent on a dealer to leave a horse he has sold at least twenty-four hours in the purchaser's stable. If, at the expiration of that time, the animal has not found favor in the eyes of the buyer, the latter can return it; if it has, the money is then and there paid, not before.

But even this is not always a safeguard. Thus, I saw a beautiful Arab stallion in Teheran, the property of the Qahis-ed-Douleh, son-in-law of the Shah. It had been bought of an Arab dealer and had

stood the test in everything for seventy-two hours instead of twenty-four. The dealer had disappeared from Teheran with the price paid—eight hundred *tomān* (twelve hundred dollars). Then only the stallion showed his real nature. He would not let any one ride him, but threw off and stamped on everybody who attempted it. What the dealer had used to disguise or rather to hold in abeyance for so long this fatal defect in his horse never became known. The Shah's brother-in-law made a present of the animal to the American minister shortly after the latter's arrival, and I tried the beast myself for a couple of hours, only to make up my mind finally that torn breeches and bruised knees hardly paid for the trouble I had in keeping myself on my "anxious seat." He had a way of knocking his rider against trees by the roadside, and of breaking suddenly into a full run of lightning speed, which was, to say the least, uncomfortable. The prevailing tendency of the Persian horses to shy is accounted for by the fact that their stables are almost pitch dark, and render all horses half blind in time, and likely to be frightened and bewildered by the sunlight.

With all their love of horses and their fondness for impromptu racing, it was left for this present Shah, Nusr-ed-Deen, to start races, properly so-called, in Persia. They are run once in the year, forming part of the Noon-Rouz (New Year's) festivities at the end of March or the beginning of April, on a long track laid out just in front of the Derwazeh Ghaserin (Kaswin Gate), Teheran. The track measures exactly half a *farsakh*, or two miles; and I saw the races there last April. There were six races, beginning with making the circuit six times, or twelve miles, and ending with the two-mile run. The speed attained was not as great as that of our fastest horses, but, considering the long distances, the poor condition of the track (there were many puddles on it, and the ground was soft and clayey), and the absence of all adequate training, it was phenomenal. The first twelve miles were made in twenty-seven minutes and forty-two seconds; the ten miles, in twenty-two minutes and seventeen seconds; the eight miles, in seventeen minutes and five seconds; and the last race of two miles, in four minutes and two seconds. What deprived those races still more of being a fair test of the

highest attainable speed of the Persian horses was the fact that the Shah's horses were all allowed to be the winners, this being partly due to respect for His Majesty, partly to policy, as any horse out-distancing his would inevitably have fallen a victim to the *pish-kish* custom. These races came off with much pomp and circumstance, and there was an audience on the city walls (some twenty-five feet high and overlooking the race-track) and lining the track of two miles computed at two hundred thousand. Turcoman and Bagdad Arab horses took the prizes, which consisted of bags of good size filled with gold coins.

II.

As the Persians are almost without exception horsemen, so they are, too, sportsmen. Hawking and pigeon-fancying are the two chief national sports. While hawking is indulged in exclusively by the rich, pigeon-flying is the sport of the poor. In any town of considerable size in Persia one can see, as soon as the sun prepares to go to roost, men standing on the top of their flat roofs, flying their pigeons, and encouraging their own or frightening beves of others. These fanciers have often hundreds of pigeons, constituting their whole wealth. They breed and train them, and sell the surplus to provide bread for their families. To each flock of pigeons there is a leader, educated to take his little crew around in the air, and the latter are always sure to follow in their wake. These aerial promenades at sundown are very amusing and interesting to watch. The pigeon father, so to speak, *i. e.*, the owner and breeder of the flock, superintends the exhibition. He takes his leader tenderly in the hollow of his hand, while the rest of the flock will throng around him. Then, stretching his arm out and opening his hand, he gently throws the bird forward, who then, circling round and round, first collects his followers, and then boldly wings a wide circuit around the house, sometimes hundreds of rods in extent and occasionally flying up high in the air. The fancier meanwhile keenly watches his nimble crew, and encourages them with a peculiar cry, each fancier having one of his own that the birds recognize and mind at a considerable distance. On giving them the signal to come back the leader will at once speed home, bringing his charges with him.

These exercises alone do not, however, afford a pretty spectacle. They are also a sort of pitched battle between the respective skill of one breeder and another. With the flocks of pigeons circling and circling, they will often collide with each other, and the younger and less experienced birds will become confused and lose themselves in a strange flock. That is the time for the vigilant fancier to whistle for "down brakes," and his flock, with the strange birds in tow, will come home to him, when he will at once make sure of his prize, which afterward has to be ransomed or bought back by the other fanciers to whom they belong. Crowds of people, witnessing these contests of skill, will throng the roofs of the neighboring houses, each flock of pigeons being generally as well known to them as the colors of the winning horses are known on our race tracks to the *habitués* of the turf.

Hawking is still an expensive sport, and affords relatively little in the way of practical results. The breeding and training of hawks is the business of a certain class of men who earn a precarious livelihood in that way. As itinerant tradesmen they wander through the streets of the larger towns seeking whom they may sell one of their falcons to. There must be quite a number of these men; I should guess about one thousand in the whole country. But when they make a sale, they can afford to live off the proceeds of it for a year at least; for, with their frugal habits, fifty to one hundred *tomān* (seventy-five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars) are enough to keep a large family on for that length of time; and that is what a well-trained hawk costs. Birds are sold occasionally as high as two hundred *tomān*. These hawkers will stand at the entrance to a famous mosque or near the King's or Governor's palace, having their bird (for they rarely have more than one to sell) on their fist, and thus offering him for sale to all passers-by. They will thus often watch and wait for weeks; and when they finally become convinced that they can not sell them there, they will wander off to some other town.

For any one who pays them a small gratuity, they will show off the skill of their bird. Letting a pigeon fly up on a square or in front of the city gates, they will take the hood off from before the hawk's brilliant

orbs, then, animating him with a short, sharp cry, they will point upward, and the hawk will rise, rise, rise, way above the poor little pigeon. Then, swooping down upon it, the hawk will bring the pigeon back to his master, holding his prey tightly clutched in his talons. The proceeds of these exhibitions pay the hawk's expenses until he sells the bird, when he will go home contentedly to his hovel and train another hawk.

The Shah has given up hunting with hawks, but his eldest son, the Zil-es-Sultan, still practices the sport, and the majority of high Persian dignitaries do likewise, especially in the southwest and northeast portions of the country, where snipe, partridge, wild pigeons, pheasant, quail, and hare are abundant. As I said before, it is a time-honored but expensive sport, and that is certainly one of the reasons why the Shah, an avaricious man, does not believe in it. The Shah is a splendid shot and an experienced sportsman, and generally bags an immense amount of game. Now, the Persian does not eat game, at least but very sparingly, and not the kind that is most grateful to our western palates. Sparrows, for instance, are considered a delicacy by the Persian, and are eaten broiled or stewed. But hare (an excellent variety), snipe, partridge, and mountain sheep (argali) he kills, but knows not how to utilize, considering them *makruh* (improper), or *baelal* (impure) in a religious sense.

It may not be generally known, but the argali (mountain sheep) is an animal that affords fine sport. It is an animal of slender, graceful build, covered with grayish wool, and armed with a long, straight pair of horns. They are at home in the higher mountain ranges of Central and Eastern Persia, and are very difficult to approach, wary, and of sensitive scent. In their habits they much resemble the chamois, being phenomenal jumpers, and always keeping an old buck on guard to warn them. The Shah is famous for being successful in this line, and he came very near being killed a few seasons ago, a bewildered argali jumping off a precipice on His Majesty, and almost knocking him down a steep declivity, on the bottom of which he would hardly have landed alive.

The gazelle is encountered in vast herds

on the plains of the far northeast of Persia, where it adjoins Afghanistan. To hunt successfully this fleet animal it is necessary to be exceedingly well mounted, and to have fresh horses ready when the first ones are tired out. Professional hunters, called *shikarree*, are employed when a big hunt is arranged, especially when it is intended to do honor to a guest. They chase the game for a day or so previous, and being then somewhat tired, it becomes relatively easier to hunt the gazelle down.

Lions occur now only in the south of Persia, but tigers are frequent not only in the south and southwest, but in the north and northeast as well. The tigers of Mazanderan attain formidable proportions, and in that densely wooded and humid country along the western shore of the Caspian tigers are still as much of a nuisance as in India. The adult population of a village will generally arrange a tiger hunt when one of the species has made himself particularly obnoxious to the villagers. A tiger who contents himself with mutton is called *babr*, but the Persian has a special word for a tiger that has partaken of human flesh, which is the exact equivalent of our "man-eater," viz., "*adam-khordan*." The Shah in his earlier days used to be much devoted to the tiger chase, but since one of the breed

was disrespectful enough to claw a good piece of His Majesty's shoulder flesh off he has given it up.

The buffalo also is met with in Mazanderan and Ghilan, both wild and tame. He is not quite so large as a full-grown American buffalo, and his hump is not so pronounced.

As for the dogs the Persians have no trained ones, and do not devote much attention to the matter of pedigree or breed. The one in general use for the chase is the beautiful greyhound, known outside of Persia as "the Persian dog." He is, however, not of Persian origin, and in Persia he is known as the Bactrian dog, coming from Bokhara. This dog is a fine-looking animal, in color varying from a yellowish gray to a decided golden brown, and even the shade of the Irish setter. Like all greyhounds his scent is not strong, and he lacks intelligence and affection; but his sight is wonderfully sharp and accurate, and on the bleak plateaus of Central Persia, or on the vast plains of the northwestern provinces, he does reasonably well. Beside this one the Persians have a dog resembling much the German *dachshund*, and an innumerable assortment of curs, devoid of legitimate family pride and association, but often doing well enough under the circumstances.

LINES TO SYLVIA.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

LET the babblers call you cold—
What care I for warning?
Straight as sunlight is your glance,
Trusty as the morning,
Sylvia!

Not for you the tinsel-sheen
Lavished on another:
You were born of very earth,
The uncorrupted Mother,
Sylvia!

Wander by the brookside,
Gaze upon it duly.
No mirror but the running stream
Could hold your image truly,
Sylvia!

Trust me, you are kindred
To every forest creature,

Nourished at a common breast—
The balmy breast of Nature,
Sylvia!

Hither to the greenwood
In the summer weather!
Herbs and roots await you here,
And sweet and sour together,
Sylvia!

Fallen is the hemlock
Scorched by the levin;
There should be your maiden bed
Beneath a tented heaven,
Sylvia!

Set your foot-print where you will,
Eden is about you;
Teach me how to enter there,
For whom is none without you,
Sylvia!

BULL-FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.



HAD spent the evening before at the house of a Spanish family of my acquaintance, and the hostess had defended the sport. She had a round and smiling countenance, exactly corresponding to an amiable, easy-going character, from which no such savagery would have been expected, yet she reasoned somewhat as follows :

"The bulls have to be killed some time, and why not in this way as well as another? You, the *Norte Americanos*, yourselves shoot pigeons, don't you, and you are very well satisfied when you can go hunting and get a bag full of game. Besides, the men set a good example of courage."

This argument did not strike me as very convincing; it had a decidedly feminine cast, and begged the main point at issue—the needlessness of the thing—but it is the best I recollect to have heard.

"Will you be there to-morrow?" I asked.

"We like to *pasear* (to go and take the air) somewhere, occasionally, and Cuatitlan is very accessible," she replied.

It was by no means this argument that induced me to go, but only the natural tendency we have to want to see a thing "just for once," even a thing we are perfectly certain there is no way of approving of. What an artful tendency it is! and nothing at all can come of it save the danger that "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." For my part, since there is little likelihood of our thinking any too well of men at the best, it seems to me the prize-fight, the hanging, the tour with the detective in the slums, and the tabooed book or newspaper had better be merely imagined—except perhaps by the literary man, whose business it is to see life in all its aspects.

It was Sunday. No one at all familiar with the subject would require to have this stated, for Sunday—together with the saint's feast-day—is the great and almost only time for the sport. As it must take place by daylight, it is the only occasion on which its patrons have leisure to devote themselves to it, in the thorough-going manner it demands. In the new rings at the capital, built under the late very great revival of bull-fighting, exhibitions are also occasionally given on Mondays, but these draw only small audiences. Evening exhibitions, by electric light, have been attempted, but have not met with success.

The little special train of tram-cars, drawn by mules, deposited us at Cuatitlan, some twenty-five miles to the northward of Mexico, ready for our bull-fight, about half-past three in the afternoon, the regulation hour.

At this time the sport was forbidden by law, as it had been ever since 1857, in the Federal district, a small domain of national territory in which Mexico stands as Washington stands in the District of Columbia. It was said Señor Delfin Sanchez, who owned the railway, had not a little to do with its flourishing at Cuatitlan, by way of making business for his road.

The *plaza de toros*, or bull-ring, was a great elliptical edifice of wood, common-looking without, but impressive within

from its size and arrangement. The main body of seats rose in a sloping bank, like those at the circus, from a palisade in front to a series of private boxes, the *lumberas*. Columns, wound with red and white draperies, separated these with an appearance like barber's poles. The cornice above the boxes terminated in ornamental wooden urns. The whole was without a roof of any kind, and over it you looked up to the lovely, serene blue sky, untroubled by even a cloud. The palisade below was also draped with the national colors, red, white and green, in three broad stripes that ran entirely around the arena.

It is almost needless to repeat again the old description of the open-air theater, divided into two portions, the sun and the shade, for this has always been the case in open-air theaters from the Roman Colosseum down to the New York Polo Grounds. The seats in the sun are naturally cheaper. They are the ones most fully occupied, and it is from this part of the auditorium that the greatest enthusiasm, the chief fury of applause, or disapproval, is to be looked for.

The manager of the spectacle entered his tribune, in the center of one of the long sides of the ellipse just above the gate at which the bulls were to enter, and immediately gave the signal to begin. Three or four cavaliers on horseback, holding tall lances on their stirrups, had posted themselves about the barriers, recalling in a certain way the mediæval tournaments.

A number of other men on foot, the *chulos*, carrying pink cloaks with which to attract the attention of the bull, were scattered about the arena. The general remark is true of all the performers at any time engaged, that they were arrayed in gorgeous dresses. All except the horsemen, the *picaderos*, who had their legs formidably defended against the charges of the bulls, wore short breeches and silk stockings. A promenade ran around outside of the barrier, which was as high as the head of a man on horseback, between that and the first row of spectators, so that none of the latter could come to any harm by accidents of the fray.

There was a flourish of brass instruments, and out came the bull. He was dun-colored, large, powerful, and active. He could never have been called blood-thirsty or terrible; he did not begin by pawing the ground for gore

after received traditions, but he was mettlesome and evidently prepared to devote full attention to anything that might demand it. Any one who had met him when crossing an open field in the country, for instance, would undoubtedly have hastened to skip over the nearest fence with the greatest attainable celerity. He was simply an impulsive animal without any experience of the world. A prototype of his class, he began wrong and continued worse, blundering from one costly error to another, through pure hot-headedness, and not stopping to reason the thing out, as it were, till he came to a tragic end. If you had had a long enough pole, you wouldn't have wanted to try it at too close quarters; you would rather have liked to scratch his back over a fence and speak to him encouragingly.

One of the *chulos* attracted his notice by waving a pink cloak, and the bull made a dive for him. The *chulo* got out of the way, and there stood a *picador*.

"Ah, it is you, my friend, is it?" the bull would seem to say. "Well, here goes for you."

He lowers his horns and makes a charge. The *picador* evades him. He makes another charge; the *picador* wounds him deftly with his lance and again escapes.

"*Bueno* (good), *picador*!" cries the *Sol*, the sun. The bull takes after him and inserts a horn in the flank of the horse. "*Bueno, toro*," cries the *Sol* impartially.

The *chulos* divert attention with their waving cloaks, as their custom is when any of the actors is in danger, and a second round begins. This time perhaps the *picador*—it is either the same one or another—stands firm and meets the shock. His weapon penetrates the hide of the attacking animal, and the cruel lance-head can be seen under the skin, sliding along on his ribs. The bull, ignorant of what is hurting him, persists, and makes every effort to get at his persecutor. He reaches the horse with one of his horns; the breast of the horse is protected by a heavy leather frontlet or apron, but he gets his horn under this. There is a kind of pushing and tussling match that recalls a foot-ball scrimmage of the approved sort. The bull can not endure the increasing pain, but backs out and extricates himself, and another round is over. The hard-pressed horseman has kept his seat and his lance, to the

great delight of the audience, and rides off to a flourish of trumpets. Even the *Sombra*, the shade, approves this.

But what do I see? What wriggling filament is that stealing mysteriously down the nigh fore-leg of his bony steed? It is not blood from the merciless spurring on the flanks, it is the life-stream; the wound under the shoulder was a deep one, and he can not last much longer.

Accordingly he is brought again to the onset and purposely, as it seems, sacrificed. The bull thrust both prongs of the formidable brow fairly into his side, lifting him temporarily from the ground; his entrails hung out; he fell; his rider leaped lightly to his feet and stripped off the trappings; a lasso was thrown over the body and auxiliary animals, coming out from a gate in the barrier, were made fast and hastily dragged him away.

The bull has tasted blood and is now savage without ceremony. In the next round perhaps he disembowels a horse, unseats his rider, and chases him to the barrier. The steed does not die at once, but careers wildly around the ring till he is caught by the lassoers. The arena is full of dust and turmoil; everything flies before the horned enemy, whose eye emits lurid sparks, and whose long, dark tail streams in the air. All the *picadors* have probed him deeply and often, and when their lances are withdrawn the dark blood is welling out after them.

But *toro* has learned a certain amount of logic; he begins to consider how little he gains by this fierce flight and chase. He begins to be weakened by his wounds and very sensible of their pain. He stands and meditates before making his dashes, and even inclines to let some of the affronts go unavenged.

Now is the time for the *banderilleros*. These are a new group of participants, beautifully dressed, light,

deft, and swift on their feet. Their business is to torment the bull by thrusting into him long barbed darts, with streamers, or decorated with gay-colored tissue papers. I have a pretty pink and gilt rose from one of the *banderillas*, for so these darts are called, at the top of a letter docket before me as I write.

The *banderillas* must be planted a pair at a time. This is usually done with one in each hand, though the teeth are sometimes called to aid. Once it was sufficient to place them both on the same side, but now it is *de rigueur* that they shall be placed on both sides, and the most admired spot is at the shoulders on either side of the spinal column. As this can only be done by directly facing the bull, and waiting for the moment when he lowers his head to toss, taking one's chances of then escaping after that, it seems almost a miracle in every instance. The *banderillero* has no weapons of any kind; he must rely upon his own nimble wits for his



ENTERING THE RING.

safety. He must place his pair within three minutes, on penalty of losing his turn.

The sting of these darts arouses anew the flagging energies of the bull; again the ring is a scene of dust and fury. The *banderilleros* do him a new mischief at every turn; they

done with lightning speed, for, an instant's delay, the lance may be struck, and the acrobat come to most serious harm. Among others who have been injured in this way the case is still cited of a Spanish *banderillero* who, though recovering from his severe



HERE WE ARE—WHAT NEXT?

run up from behind, and in passing give his tail a dexterous twist; they even add insult to injury by the *salto de la garrocha*.

The *garrocha* is a long lance, which is set on the ground at the head of the bull when he is approaching at full career, and is used as a pole for vaulting completely over his huge bulk, as one would vault over a stream. It need not be explained that this must be

wound, was attacked by hypochondria, and finally committed suicide.

Our bull tires of pursuing this class of persecutors also. Then the great moment has come for the arrival of the *espada*, the swordsman-slayer, the fine flower and pink of perfection in the art.

The band of bull-fighters, the *cuadrilla*, will consist, say, of a couple of *espadas*, who

relieve each other, from four to six *banderilleros*, as many *picadors*, and *chulos* and lassoers in proportion. The band goes about giving exhibitions—*trabajando* (literally "working"), the expression is—from place to place. The *espada* and other principal performers are generally much better known by some nickname derived from their place of birth, or some individual peculiarity, than by their own names. Such a paragraph as the following gives a fair idea of the kind of announcements that continually appear about them in the daily press:

"Francisco Gomez, '*El Chiclanero*,' will work during the coming season at Guadalajara. His band consists of the best experts. *El Chiclanero* has a strong fancy for Guadalajara, and the liking (*simpatia*) with which he regards it leads him to work his band in the town, even at the expense of engagements more profitable to himself elsewhere. The Guadalupe public, on the other hand, warmly returns the predilection of this accomplished and sympathetic (*simpatico*) bull-fighter."

The bull is at bay, sullen, terrible, and



THE CHULOS.

in the most dangerous of all tempers. But the *espada* is not afraid; he steps forward to engage in the final scenes of the drama with the airy grace of a dancing-master. He is dressed in cherry and silver, and his hair is done in a queue, beneath a round black

the accomplished *espada* will remain pretty firm on his feet and not caper about; the motions must be chiefly that of his arms and swaying body. It is said in his praise, too, that he *wounds* very little; there must be no rough butchery.



HE CONQUERS THE BULL.

head-piece, peculiar to the profession. In one hand he carries a blood-red cloak, the traditional *muleta*, and in the other a naked sword.

The killing is a work of art; it must not be done in any vulgar way. The *matador* flaunts his red cloak, invites the bull near to it, holds it out to him draped on a stick, spreads it and draws it along on the ground with both hands, as if he were exhibiting for the inspection of a patron some neat thing in ornamental stuffs. The grim animal, raging with the memory of his wrongs, his disappointment, and his wounds, accepts the invitation, the rapier flashes like lightning and seeks some vital part. Fatal simplicity, fatal ignorance—for there are morals to be drawn even at a bull-fight—he thinks it is merely the red scarf that is the cause of all his troubles. It is expected that

Suddenly his blade touches the particular spot which was his object in all his maneuvers, the junction of the neck with the spinal column. The stalwart bull has an astonished look, his eye dims, he staggers, falls upon his knees, half rises again like a dying gladiator, sways his head from side to side, then falls supine, with all his great bulk along the ground. The *espada*, with a fine air of conscious merit, makes his bow amid shouts, shrieks, whistling, and cat-calls of delight. A citizen of the lower class, in a be-ribboned *sombrero*, climbs a post in front of the first row of seats—I sketch him in the act—and roars in a voice almost hoarse enough to drown the music of the band, "*Bell-o!*" (beautiful) "*bell-is-si-mo!*" (beautiful to the last degree).

Others throw their hats into the ring. It

seems to me now as if they had some way of getting them out again, but I don't quite recollect. Some of the well-to-do, in their moments of impulse, confer much more substantial favors; money and valuables are thrown, like bouquets to prima donnas. The other day at Aranjuez, in old Spain, the Marquis of Sandoal was so much pleased with the delicate attention of the *Espada* Felipe, who dedicated to him the killing of the third bull, that he sent him one hundred dollars and a box of fine Havana cigars. Favorite *espadas* are traditionally the recipients of great honors and emoluments. There are those of them who wear diamond studs and pearl-embroidered jackets in the ring, and three hundred dollars makes a very fair compensation for a Sunday's work.

I glanced back at my friends who were not very far behind me. There was my señora with her same amiable smile for all the world. Her daughters—hardly more than school-girls—willowy Soledad and plump Ysabel, sat with their chins resting in their hands, and had that half-absent, much-governed air so often affected by the very young Mexican señoritas. It is doubtful if there had been a tender oh! or ay! among them. All might perhaps have quoted the heroine of one of the little poems given lately—for the poets too have taken up the subject—who went to a bull-fight for the first time:

"Seré—me contesto—cruel y salvaje,
Pero, á decir verdad, me he divertido.
Me traeras á la proximo corrida?"

["'It was,' she answered me, 'cruel and savage,
But, to say truth, I have been diverted.
Will you take me to the next one?'"]

The husband and father, for his part, was there without any pretense of *pasear*, simply and squarely because he wanted to be, but he too sat with an impassive look.

Meantime life in the bull, though he was far past praying for, was not wholly extinct. Some assistants fell upon him and dispatched him with their poniards. Horsemen lassoed the carcass, one by the head and one by the hind legs, a team of gayly caparisoned mules came prancing in, and dragged him off, through the dust, to lively music.

Our second victim was a young black bull, with bright ribbons on his horns, who came in equally unconscious, just upon the heels of his dead predecessor. He gored a horse at the first onset so terribly that, though the latter kept his feet, there was no hope that he could

live more than a few minutes. His rider, therefore, to make the most in the way of an exhibition of his last surviving spark of vitality, rode him rapidly round the ring till he dropped, and was taken away for carrion. You could plainly hear the stream of his blood, falling upon the ground, patter like a brook.



DIAGO PRIETO.

(Cuatro Dedos.)

"*Pobre!*" (poor thing!) murmurs an Indian woman near me.

The eyes of the horses, it should be explained, are thoroughly blindfolded, or they could never be brought up to the terrible ordeals they have to face. They are poor

mal by a mounted *matador*, a somewhat unusual feature.

The fourth bull was of a peaceable disposition, and would not fight at all, but fairly turned his back on the whole proceedings. He was driven from the ring with igno-



A GROUP OF SPECTATORS.

creatures, a sort of crow-bait stock just fed up sufficiently to carry them through the proceedings of the day, at which they are deliberately intended to be sacrificed. Of all the participants in the tragic show these poor *Rozinantes* seem to me to have distinctly the worst of it, for even the bull, badgered and slain though he be, has a sort of grandeur in his fate. These hacks recall the poor privates who fall in battles, unknown, hardly even counted, and have no share in all the glory the military bulletins lavish upon their officers.

Bull three, so far from being fierce on his entrance, might even be called playful. And this tendency to add to the cruelty of the fate that afterward overtakes them is often to be noticed; they frequently have the sportive motions of young calves. Eventually, however, this one proved to be more "game" than any other of the afternoon. For one episode he fairly drove a *picador* and his horse up against the barrier and never let them go till he had gored the horse to death. The man was fain to sustain himself helplessly by holding on to the barrier; he had to let go his lance, and was lucky to escape with his life after a severe bruising.

The finishing stroke was given this ani-

miny. What hisses, what jeers greeted this unworthy beast who would not let himself be butchered to make a Mexican holiday! This number was not lost, however, for he was immediately replaced by another, of whom I can say nothing except his color was very dark. Nor do I remember any more now of the one that followed him.

The imposing mass of a fine old church—one of those lovely, half-ruined churches of florid Renaissance architecture that occur everywhere in Mexico—arose beside the amphitheater. Its gray tower and large dome faced with glazed tiles were plainly in sight. I looked up at them from the midst of the carnage, feeling the contrast, and from time to time hearing the religious chiming of the sweet old bronze bells.

Four horses and five bulls were killed that day; a very fair matter for Mexico, at least on ordinary occasions; but in old Spain they kill more. Here a little while ago, one Sunday in October last, ten horses—and bulls in proportion—were killed at San Fernando, eighteen at Valencia, and twenty at Barcelona, all in single *corridos*, or exhibitions.

After this we hastened to catch our train. As I went I noticed, in the regions down below, a slaughter-house as an adjunct of



A MOUNTED MATADOR.



MAZZANTINI.

the arena. My amiable señora was right; the bulls had to be killed some time, and we had only been witnessing the work of the shambles dramatized, as it were. The reflection occurred, in passing, why, if it be such rare amusement as it seems, the same system might not be extended to minor animals as well? Some very pretty amusement could be got out of the artfully prolonged death-struggles of calves, sheep, and swine. This might be committed to the growing youth, while the children could try their hand upon rabbits and fowls.

Whoever would explain to himself the recent great revival of the game in Mexico must not leave out of account that in old Spain D'Amicis spoke of this latter as early as 1873, and instead of showing signs of abatement it is even on the increase. With the same blood and same general traditions, whatever was greatly in vogue in the mother country would be certain to make itself felt sooner or later in her ex-colony. We know something of what it is to be troubled by Anglomania ourselves.

As to what has caused it in old Spain, perhaps it is the uncertain tenure of office of a monarchy tottering to its fall, and desirous to please and distract the people on the ancient Roman principle of "bread and games." I sometimes wonder a little, too, if its restoration to the capital of Mexico,

after that city had had the liberality to abolish it so long ago, may not have somewhat to do with the personal ambitions and schemes for continued hold upon power of Don Porfirio Diaz, the semi-dictator. Or is it—for there have been no revolutions worthy of the name for the unprecedented period of ten years—only a sort of outlet for a natural blood-thirstiness that has till now found its vent in war?

I have no desire, even in a very humble way, to asperse a people who have many most charming and lovable qualities; but Americans will certainly think there is something human lacking in those who can sit by unmoved at the wanton sufferings of any living creature. They will connect it with the wholesale shootings of prisoners and like cruelties in the revolutions, and say with a mental shrug:

"It is only what might be expected."

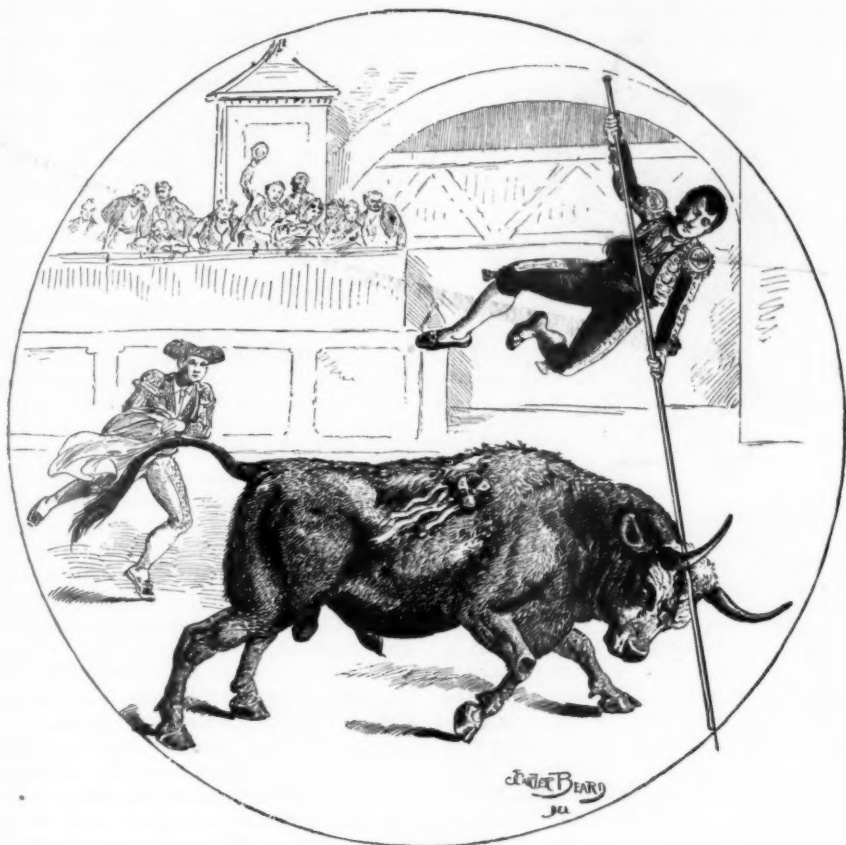
However all this may be, there are now five flourishing bull-rings in the metropolis. One of them, it may be added, is owned by an American, who has been known for his benevolent work. The diversion has become one of the established features of Mexican life, and a volume might easily be filled with the peculiar incidents that circle around it. It can not really be said that it is fashionable, though so much in vogue. The very best people only go, much as they might have done here to the old "Black Crook," feeling that it was something to be rather ashamed of, except when Mazzantini comes, the great Mazzantini! and then all but the most incurably fastidious go in mass. The tickets then sell as high as ten dollars each, against one dollar or one dollar and a half at ordinary times. Mazzantini is the Patti or Brignoli of his art, the pet of two hemispheres, who comes over from Spain—stopping at Cuba on the way—once or perhaps even twice a year, for a brief season. He is a handsome man, dark, without beard—a general mode among the bull-fighters—and lithe and slender of frame. He has a fine subtle way of smiling, with half-closed eyes, which seems as keen as the edge of his sword. Edgar Saltus has introduced the real Mazzantini into his unreal "Mr. Incul's Misadventure," with an excellent description of a bull-fight in the mother country.

This great Mazzantini is Italian on his fa-

ther's side. He was born at Elgoibar in Spain, in 1856, and was educated partly at Bilbao, and afterward at Rome, where his family went to reside. He returned to Spain, however, and, at a little more than the age of fourteen, we find him holding some minor clerical post under the chief equerry of the king. It is interesting to note that superior

"I assure thee, niece," we recollect him as saying, "that were not my whole soul engrossed by the arduous duties of chivalry, there is not a curious art I would not acquire—particularly that of making bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Mazzantini is an educated man, such as there are probably very few of in his pecul-



THE SALTO DE LA GARROCHA.

education seems to tell even in bull-fighting—as I think it can be stoutly maintained it does in any and every occupation, no matter how little demand it would seem at first sight to make upon it. Old Don Quixote was right in fancying his intellectual powers would have stood him in good stead in the most unexpected field in which he might have chosen to apply them.

He left his clerkship to continue his studies, and took the regular degree of bachelor of arts. I do not chance to know in what university it was, perhaps in that of Salamanca, "and there is no bachelorizing beyond that." But when this was over, he entered the telegraphic bureau of the Spanish Southern Railway, where he became a chief of station. It was at this time,

through dint of seeing so many of the spectacles going on about him, that he acquired his taste, his veritable passion, rather, for bull-fighting. He began to take part in the *novilladas*, a kind of amateur exhibition, and from the first distinguished himself among his companions by his skill and valor.

In course of time he was drafted back to the office of the Minister of the Interior at Madrid. His passion was so fully confirmed



THE MULETA.

that he begged and obtained permission to be absent from his desk on Mondays, alleging very important private business. What was the surprise of the office on learning that this private business was to take part, as a leading performer, in the regular *novilladas*! The Minister promptly notified him that he was to be either an employee of the bureau or a bull-fighter, but that he couldn't be both. Mazzantini just as promptly handed in his resignation, saying that all his inclinations called him to the arena. Now those who are interested to follow the influences by which a peerless torero is made will already have seen that this noble renunciation or species of martyrdom was as greatly rewarded as if it had been in a more useful cause. In a single benefit at Havana he has gained as high as twenty thousand dollars, besides various magnificent presents in other forms.

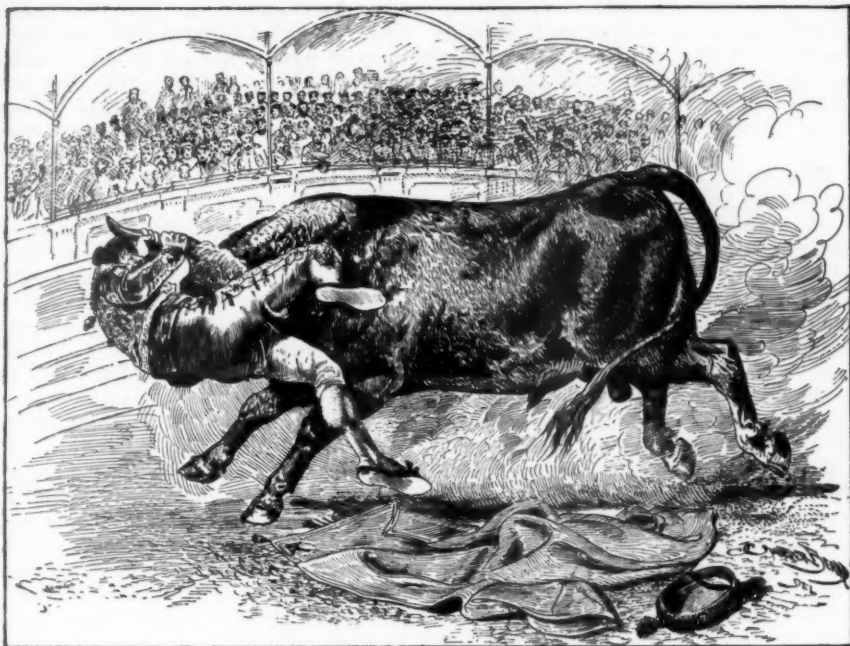
He receives gold medals and crowns, he is carried on men's shoulders, he is the object of grand ovations on leaving port, and feeling sonnets are addressed to him by rising, or risen, poets.

"O, splendid gladiator!" cries the latest of my inspired poets on this theme. "O, son of Spain! thou who, inclosed within the strict arena, 'mid the bulls, executed heroic feat after heroic feat! Rustic bard of the mountains I, but one of the hundred thousand throats that hoarsely acclaim thy arrival from a foreign shore. Disciple thou of Montes and Delgado, worthy peer of Cúchares and Frascuelo, thou givest to thy art unwonted brilliancy. I pray Heaven thou mayest not meet on our soil the tragic end of Pepe-Hillo."

Now Pepe-Hillo—but as I know no more of him than the context supplies, let Pepe-Hillo go. Besides, after contemplating so much of this, I wish to pause a little here, put my hands in my pockets, and walk up and down, deciding that it really *is* rather an unjust world, for the same happens in other things as well. Such pages as these of mine, for instance, poor as they are, must—quite impartially—be of more worth to the human race; and yet it is rarely I get twenty thousand dollars for an article, even when it takes much longer than a fervid, flattered afternoon in a bull-ring to write it.

The two principal rings are respectively those of the Paseo, on the fine avenue leading to Chapultepec, and that of Colon, in the suburb of La Colofia. The city rings are generally a story higher than those in the country, such as the one at Cuatitlan. The one lately finished for Ponciano Diaz has cost about six thousand dollars. They may hold from three to eight thousand people—which still leaves something to be attained, it will be seen, for we read of one lately opened at Murcia, in Spain, holding eighteen thousand. Fancy these eighteen thousand, all as one man, glowing and thrilling over the sufferings of an unfortunate animal. Surely such a school can not be nursery of the really manly virtues and the higher achievements of civilization.

In town, the bulls are often individually named. The names do not incline to compliment. We are at the Plaza del Paseo, for instance, on a certain time. First enters



A CLOSE CALL.

"Porfiriado," "a dappled chestnut, part-ridge-eyed, fine markings, and with front powerfully armed." "Porfiriado" stands for rogue or rascal. He is followed by "Belaco," the obstinate; next comes "Alacran," the scorpion; the fourth has no name, and "Alicante," the poison snake, completes the list.

It is an insult in Mexico to give the name of any human being to an animal, and no little rage and disturbance were caused lately by a fancy of some people that they discovered a personal intent in the titles of two of the bulls at the *Plaza de Colon*. Said the *Monitor Republicano*, the leading newspaper, in its comment on this circumstance: "It appears that this barbarous amusement is creating trouble on all sides." I do not recollect whether any affray came from this source, but the atmosphere is belligerent and broils are not uncommon. A particular rivalry was developed between the Spaniards and Mexicans who attend the *Colon* ring, and, out of a controversy as to the merits of bull-fighting in their respective countries, several duels took place.

It must be said that the *Monitor*, greatly to its credit, stoutly holds out, and is almost the only opponent of this pernicious influence. It dreads to have to see in it a sign of the decadence of Mexico. The rage increases, in fact, almost from hour to hour. Even while this account is being finished there comes news of the building of yet two more bull-rings, in addition to the five already mentioned, all these in a city of two hundred thousand people. How would such a state of things strike us in, say, Buffalo or Louisville? If it be true that the most cultured class is but languidly affected by the passion, with the lower class it is a perfect mania. It is such a crying evil as, in certain ways, to threaten disorganization to society. It adds enormously to the difficulties of the servant question, which strangely enough in Mexico, with all its millions of the indigenous race to draw upon, is almost as difficult as here. Employees are neglecting the most important business interests, servants are running away from their masters altogether, or unfeelingly deserting them at no matter

what critical moment, and are taking to robbing the homes, confiscating small amounts committed to their care, and making more corrupt bargains than ever with marketmen, all to gratify this amusement or secure the funds for the coveted ticket to the bull-ring.

The best bulls are those that come from the hacienda of Atenco, in the valley of Toluca, a vale a good deal higher above the sea even than that of Mexico, from which it is forty miles distant. Atenco is devoted exclusively to raising these scions of a warlike stock, and it is an interesting, if somewhat fearful, sight to see them pasturing on their native hills. The effort is generally made to breed to the darker colors, under the impression that these are most allied to bravery. Those of Atenco, accordingly, are pure chestnut, and those of such other well-known haciendas as Cazadero, Azala, and San Diego de los Padres are chestnut and black, black, and very dark, respectively.

Bulls of extra fighting quality are even brought over from old Spain. The *Espada* "Cuatro Dedos" (Four Fingers), so named from the loss of one of his fingers, comes over, bringing with him his company and twelve fine Spanish bulls. They work at Vera Cruz, then at Orizaba, and then reach the capital. That venerable senior, Manuel Payno, a statesman and author of leading note, writing back to a friendly newspaper some items of his trip to the parent country, tells among the rest:

"With the prevailing craze for bulls in Mexico—which I do not share—it may interest you to know that fifteen magnificent bulls were shipped from here by the last French steamer. They were fierce to the degree that no one could approach their cage. They weighed in all a matter of thirty-three thousand pounds and cost twelve thousand dollars. To-day's steamer takes out fifteen more, in my opinion even finer and braver than those, and, as a mere matter of curiosity, I should really like to hear the result of the contests."

The fight I have described contains all the essential features of these affairs, which are, the world over, but slight variations on the same theme. The object is always the same—to keep the torture graduated to the waning strength of the bull, so as to get as much sport out of him as possible. Some-

times by clumsy work the victim though fatally wounded is not killed, and then a troop of tame cattle are let in to career around the ring and lure him away with them. I have said nothing yet of the accidents to the human performers, but they are plenty and serious. "*El Artillero*" breaks his left thigh bone, and the *picador* Perez is grievously hurt internally; the *banderillero* Ramon Lopez is caught at the barrier and pinned through the thick part of the thigh; another is blinded of an eye, and another unfitted for his profession by the disabling of an arm. The public look on at this display of courage—which is the one redeeming feature of the show—with much the same impartiality as that of the Western wife in the story who, finding her spouse engaged in fight with a grizzly, cried, "Go in, b'ar; go in, old man." They would not wish the *torador* to come to any fatal harm, of course; but if it is to be so, they are glad they happened to be present. Sometimes it is a jealous rivalry between two performers themselves that leads them on in the eye of the public to all sorts of unheard-of feats.

In this connection the philanthropic feature of the spectacle may be mentioned by which bull-fights are given for the benefit of the wounded, and in the course of them as likely as not more victims are made. They have also their social and patriotic aspects. Bull-fights are given for the benefit of the cigar-girls thrown out of employment by a strike, and for all sorts of similar objects, and on the last Independence Day, September 16th, free bull-fights were given in all the rings.

As the diversion became common the standard of criticism concerning it was naturally raised. Not less than three journals are now devoted to it—and I don't know but more—in the city of Mexico, *La Muleta*, *La Banderilla*, and *El Arte de la Lidia* (the Art of Bull-fighting) appear weekly, containing profound disquisitions and vigorous diatribes in defense of their specialty, together with news, summaries, and correspondence from all quarters, the whole illustrated with large colored cartoons. Their tone of comment tends, as a rule, to unmeasured severity, which is but an echo of the fierce disapproval of the arena itself.

"The Bulls from Cieneguilla," the *Mu-*



COUP DE GRÂCE.

leta, for instance, will say of a certain occasion, "acquitted themselves well, but the *picadors*—will a merciful Providence spare us any more of their like in the future! The stock-breeders and our managers are getting so they offer us as a *picador* the first country lout they fall in with along the highway, a shoemaker as likely as not, or any insignificant riff-raff. . . . As for the *banderilleros*, except Ramon Lopez, 'El Chiquitin,' and Ramon Marquez, there was none of them worth his salt. We have a *torulo*, Heaven save the mark! who is not fit to *banderilla* a goat; a *cuco*, who—but language fails us, and Pompeyo, who, if his blunders could only be solidified, would be buried out of sight under the multitude of them. . . . Now, as to the *Espadas*, 'El Habanero' (the Havana boy), luckless in his first bull, doubly unlucky in his second, and too utterly unhappy for anything in his third. A year ago the Habanero was one sort of man and now he is quite another. Is it due to his pigmy stature, his shaking hand? He simply *carves* the bulls, and ye gods! *how* he carves them. Once he stood upon his legs, and now he skips like a jumping-jack. Before heaven, Manolo, this is no way to treat your obligations to a long-suffering public as a killer of bulls. . . . The whole affair was not a bull-fight at all, it was a *herradura*,"—the confusing occasion when the young cattle are first branded with their owner's mark.

These remarks are more common than not, and are addressed to the foremost lights in their profession; but the technical journals are no respecters of persons.

The most prominent *espadas* thus far are found among the visiting Spaniards. Of the Mexicans who are coming up to rival them, Ponciano Diaz stands at the head, if indeed he be not better than all except Mazzantini. The exhibition given by him at the

Colon ring on the 17th of last August was spoken of as being the finest ever seen in the capital. The immense amphitheater was spoken of as being filled with the beauty and chivalry of Mexico. Ponciano killed six bulls worth one hundred and fifty dollars each. Bouquets of flowers were continually rained upon him, and his popularity seemed to have reached a dizzy height.

Ponciano Diaz, like his namesake, President Diaz, is a thorough Mexican in looks and type, and a brief mention of the main points in his career will illustrate the rise of a native hero and idol in this popular diversion.

He is twenty-nine years old. He was born on the hacienda of Atenco, above mentioned, where his father was the *caporal*, or general overseer of the stock. This situation gave him advantages and a bias from the start. It is curious to think of a tender infancy passed among the fierce bulls of Atenco. He was his father's companion on horseback from the earliest times.

Although there was no bull-fighting in the Federal District, there was plenty in the villages roundabout. The young Ponciano fed his growing taste upon these exhibitions. Soon he joined a band got up by some Hernandez brothers, on the hacienda itself. He made his first public appearance as an *arrastador*, a cleaner-up of the ring—beginning, as will be seen, like most great geniuses, at the bottom of the ladder—in fair time at Tenango. In course of time he was taken as an employee by the proprietor of the hacienda of San Diego de los Padres, a gentleman of sporting tastes, who gave him every advantage to follow his bent, believing he discerned in him a future *espada*. This genial proprietor allowed him to *banderilla* some of the animals at branding time, to transfix some with the rapier, and to have amateur bull-fights in the great open-air threshing floor of the farm.



PONCIANO DIAZ.

We find Ponciano starting out with a band of his own at the early age of twenty-one, and meeting with a flattering reception on the occasion. From that time on for several years he passed from one small town to another giving exhibitions. He was at Cuatilan among the rest, and I should not be at all surprised if he were the one I saw there, though I preserved no programme, and was so interested in what was done at my first bull-fight that I thought very little of who did it.

Then the prohibition was raised, and he came to complete in the capital that great fame of which he had laid the foundations.

Don Ponciano's method of slaying—I shall speak now as a virtuoso—is not free from various faults which are probably due to his lack of acquaintance with the best models in early life. His left hand, for instance, is by no means so dexterous as it should be, which naturally leads to some awkwardness at the supreme moment. But

he has ambition and is always learning. He has no rival in the trick of placing *banderillas* on horseback, and in lassoing and throwing the bull down by his tail; in the saddle he is the perfect type of the Mexican cavalier.

His style of killing by the underhand thrust is very notable, and he has begun of late to kill also by the more difficult overhand thrust. His keen eye, cool pulse, and unshaken courage bring it about that he wounds very little, but dispatches the business with deep and effectual stabs.

In private life, he is a complete *caballero*, a good fellow, polite and attentive to all, and particularly warm hearted and jovial with his own "boys." He lives with his aged mother, and he is her mainstay and support—after which little more need be said.

And yet, fine as all this may be, I can not help wishing, Don Ponciano, that you and all your esteemed associates were in very much better business.

MISS LOU.

BY EDWARD P. ROE.

CHAPTER I.

A GIRL'S PROTEST.

A GREAT, rudely built stone chimney was smoking languidly one afternoon. Leaning against this chimney, as if for protection and support, was a little cabin gray and decrepit with age. The door of the cabin stood wide open, for the warm spring was well advanced in the South. There was no need of a fire, but Aun' Jinkey, the mistress of the abode, said she "kep' it bu'nin' fer comp'ny." She sat by it now, smoking as lazily as her chimney, in an old chair which creaked as if in pain when she rocked. She supposed herself to be in deep meditation, and regarded her corn-cob pipe not merely a solace but also as an invaluable assistant to clearness of thought. Aun' Jinkey had the complacent belief that she could reason out most questions if she could only smoke and think long enough. Unfortunately, events would occur which required action, or which raised new questions before she had had time

to solve those originally presented; yet it would be hard to fancy a more tranquil order of things than that of which she was a humble part.

The cabin was shaded by grand old oaks and pines, through which the afternoon sun shone in mild radiance, streaming into the doorway and making a broad track of light over the uneven floor. But Aun' Jinkey kept back in the congenial dusk, oblivious to the loveliness of nature without. At last she removed her pipe from her mouth and revealed her mental processes in words.

"In all my projeckin dat chile's wuss 'n old marster en miss, en de wah, en de preachen. I kin kine ob see troo dem, en w'at dey dribin' at, but dat chile grow mo' quare en on'countable ev'y day. Long as she war took up wid her doll en tame rabbits en pony dar wasn't no circum'cutions 'bout her, and now she am all circum'cution. Not'n gwine 'long plain wid her. She like de run down dar—hit win' en win' ez ef hit had ter go on, en hit couldn't mek up hits mine which way ter go. Sometime hit

larfin in de sun en den hit steal away whar you cyant mos' fin' hit. Dat de way wid Miss Lou. She seem right hyar wid we uns—she only lil gyurl toder day—en now she 'clinin' to notions ob her own, en she steal away to whar she tink no one see heren tink on heaps ob tings. Won'er ef eber, like de run, she wanten go way off fum us?

"Ole marster en ole miss dunno en don't see not'n. Dey cyant. Dey tinks de worl al'ays gwine des so, dat means de way dey tink hit orter go. Ef hit go any oder way, de worl's wrong, not dey. I ain' sayin' dey is wrong, fer I ain' des tink dat all out'n. 'Long ez she keeps her foots on de chalk line dey mark out dey ain' projeckin how her min' go yere en dar, zigerty-zag wid notions ob her own."

The door darkened, if the radiant girl standing on the threshold could be said to darken any door. She did not represent the ordinary Southern type, for her hair was gold in the sun and her eyes blue as the violets by the brook. They were full of mirth now as she said: "There you are, Aun' Jinkey, smoking and projeckin as usual. You look like an old Voodoo woman, and if I didn't know you as my old mammy—if I should just happen in as a stranger, I'd be afraid of you."

"Voodoo woman! How you talk, Miss Lou! I'se a member ob de Baptis' Church, en you knows it."

"Oh, I know a heap mo'n dat, as you so often say. If you were only a member of the Baptist Church I wouldn't be running in to see you so often. Uncle says a member of the Baptist Church has been stealing some of his chickens."

"I knows some tings 'bout de members ob he church," replied Aun' Jinkey, with a toss of her head.

"I reckon you do, more than they would like to see published in the county paper; but we aren't scandal-mongers, are we, Aun' Jinkey?" and the young visitor sat down in the doorway and looked across the green meadow seen through the opening in the trees. A dogwood stood in the corner of the rail fence, the pink and white of its blossoms well matching the girl's fair face and her rose-dotted calico gown, which, in its severe simplicity, revealed her rounded outlines.

Aun' Jinkey watched her curiously, for it

was evident that Miss Lou's thoughts were far away. "W'at you tinkin' bout, Miss Lou?" she asked.

"Oh, I hardly know myself. Come, Aun' Jinkey, be a nice old witch and tell me my fortune."

"W'at you want ter know yo fortin fur?"

"I want to know more than I do now. Look here, Aun' Jinkey, does that run we hear singing yonder go round and round in one place and with the same current? Doesn't it go on? Uncle and aunt want me to go round and round, doing the same things and thinking the same thoughts—not my own thoughts either. Oh, I'm getting so tired of it all!"

"Lor' now, chile, I wuz des 'parin you ter dat run in my min'," said Aun' Jinkey in an awed tone.

"No danger of uncle or aunt comparing me to the run, or anything else. They never had any children and don't know anything about young people. They have a sort of prim, old-fashioned ideal of what the girls in the Baron family should be, and I must become just such a girl—just like that stiff, queer old portrait of grandma when she was a girl. Oh, if they knew how tired of it all I am!"

"Bless yo heart, Miss Lou, you ain' projeckin anyting?"

"No, I'm just chafing and beating my wings like a caged bird."

"Now see yere, Miss Lou, isn't you on-reason'ble? You hab a good home; marster en miss monstus pius, en dey bringin you up in de nurther en 'monitions of de Lawd."

"Too much 'monition, Aun' Jinkey. Uncle and aunt's religion makes me so tired, and they make Sunday so awfully long. Their religion reminds me of the lavender and camphor in which they keep their Sunday clothes. And then the pages of the catechism they have always made me learn, and the long Psalms, too, for punishment! I don't understand religion, anyway. It seems something meant to uphold all their views, and anything contrary to their views isn't right or religious. They don't think much of you Baptists."

"We ain' sufrin' on dat 'count, chile," remarked Aun' Jinkey, dryly.

"There now, Aun' Jinkey, don't you see? Uncle owns you, yet you think for yourself

and have a religion of your own. If he knew I was thinking for myself, he'd invoke the memory of all the Barons against me. I don't know very much about the former Barons, except that my father was one. According to what I am told, the girl Barons were the primmest creatures I ever heard of. Then uncle and aunt are so inconsistent, holding up as they do for my admiration Cousin Mad Whately. I don't wonder people shorten his name from Madison to Mad, for if ever there was a wild, reckless fellow, he is. Uncle wants to bring about a match, because Mad's plantation joins ours. Mad acted as if he owned me already when he was home last, and yet he knows I can't abide him. He seems to think I can be subdued like one of his skittish horses."

"You *hab* got a heap on yo min', Miss Lou, you sho'ly hab. You sut'ny tink too much for a young gyurl."

"I'm eighteen, yet uncle and aunt act toward me in some ways as if I were still ten years old. How can I help thinking? The thoughts come. You're a great one to talk against thinking. Uncle says you don't do much else, and that your thoughts are just like the smoke of your pipe."

Aun' Jinkey bridled indignantly at first, but, recollecting herself, said quietly: "I knows my juty ter ole marster en'll say not'n gin 'im. He bring you up en gib you a home, Miss Lou. You mus reckermember dat ar."

"I'm in a bad mood, I suppose, but I can't help my thoughts, and it's kind of a comfort to speak them out. If he only *would* give me a home and not make it so much like a prison! Uncle's honest, though, to the backbone. On my eighteenth birthday he took me in his office and formally told me about my affairs. I own that part of the plantation on the far side of the run. He has kept all the accounts of that part separate, and if it hadn't been for the war I'd have been rich, and he says I will be rich when the war is over and the South free. He said he had allowed so much for my bringing up and for my education, and that the rest was invested, with his own money, in Confederate bonds. That is all right, and I respect uncle for his downright integrity, but he wants to manage me just as he does my plantation. He wishes to produce just such crops of thoughts as he sows the seeds of,

and he would treat my other thoughts like weeds, which must be hoed out, cut down and burned. Then you see he hasn't *given* me a home, and I'm growing to be a woman. If I am old enough to own land, am I never to be old enough to own myself?"

"Dar now, Miss Lou, you raisin' mo' questions dan I kin tink out in a yeah."

"There's dozens more rising in my mind and I can't get rid of them. Aunt keeps my hands knitting and working for the soldiers, and I like to do it. I'd like to be a soldier myself, for then I could go somewhere and do and see something. Life then wouldn't be just doing things with my hands and being told to think exactly what an old gentleman and an old lady think. Of course our side is right in this war, but how can I believe with uncle that nearly all the people in the North are low, wicked and vile? The idea that every Northern soldier is a monster is preposterous to me. Uncle forgets that he has had me taught in United States history. I wish some of them would just march by this out-of-the-way place, for I would like to see for myself what they are like."

"Dar, dar, Miss Lou, you gittin' too bumptious. You like de fus' woman who want ter know too much."

"No," said the girl, her blue eyes becoming dark and earnest, "I want to know what's true, what's right. I can't believe that uncle and aunt's narrow, exclusive, comfortless religion came from heaven; I can't believe that God agrees with uncle as to just what a young girl should do and think and be, but uncle seems to think that the wickedest thing I can do is to disagree with him and aunt. Uncle forgets that there are books in his library, and books make one think. They tell of life very different from mine. Why, Aun' Jinkey, just think what a lonely girl I am! You are about the only one I can talk to. Our neighbors are so far away and we live so secluded that I scarcely have acquaintances of my own age. Aunt thinks young girls should be kept out of society until the proper time, and that time seems no nearer now than ever. If uncle and aunt loved me it would be different, but they have just got a stiff set of ideas about their duty to me and another set about my duty to them. Why, uncle laughed at a kitten the other day because it was kittenish, but he has always wanted me to behave with the

solemnity of an old cat. Oh, dear! I'm so tired. I wish something *would* happen."

"Hit brokes me all up ter year you talk so, honey, en I bless de Lawd tain likely anyting gwinter hap'n in dese yere parts. De wah am ragin' way off fum we uns, nobody comin wid news, en bimeby you gits mo' settle down. Some day you know de valley ob peace en quietness."

"See here, Aun' Jinkey," said the girl, with a flash of her eyes, "you know the little pond off in the woods. That's more peaceful than the run, isn't it? Well, it's stagnant, too, and full of snakes. I'd like to know what's going on in the world, but uncle of late does not even let me read the county paper. I know things are not going to suit him, for he often frowns, and throws the paper into the fire. That's what provokes me—the whole world must go just to suit him, or else he is angry."

"Well, now, honey, you hab 'lieve yo min', en I specs you feel betteh. You mus des promis yo ole mammy dat you be keerful en not rile up ole marster, kase hit'll only be harder fer you. I'se ole, en I knows tings do hap'n, dough dey often come slow-like. You des gwine troo de woods now, en cyarnt see fur; bimeby you come ter a clear-in'. Dat boy ob mine be comin soon fer his pone en bacon. I'se gwinter do a heap of tinkin on all de questions you riz."

"Yes, Aun' Jinkey, I do feel better for speaking out, but I expect I shall do a heap of thinking too. Good-bye," and she strolled away toward the brook.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING HAPPENS.

It was a moody little stream which Miss Lou was following. She did not go far before she sat down on a rock and watched the murmuring waters glide past, conscious meantime of a vague desire to go with them into the unknown. She was not chafing so much at the monotony of her life as at its restrictions, its negation of all pleasing realities, and the persistent pressure upon her attention of a formal round of duties and more formal and antiquated circle of thoughts. Only as she stole away into solitudes like the one in which she now sat dreaming could she escape from the hard materialism of routine, and chiding for idle-

ness usually followed. Her aunt, with an abundance of slaves at her command, could have enjoyed much leisure, yet she was fussily and constantly busy, and the young girl could not help feeling that much which she was expected to do was a mere waste of time.

The serene beauty of the evening, the songs of the mocking and other birds, were not without their effect, however, and she said aloud: "I might be very happy even here if, like the birds, I had the heart to sing,—and I would sing if I had truly lived and had something to live for."

The sun was approaching the horizon, and she rose wearily and reluctantly to return when she heard the report of fire-arms, followed by the sound of swiftly galloping horses. Beyond the brook, on the margin of which she stood, rose a precipitous bank overhung with vines and bushes, and a few rods further back there was a plantation road descending toward a wide belt of forest. A thick copse and growth of young trees ran from the top of the bank toward the road, hiding from her vision that portion of the lane from which the sounds were approaching. Suddenly a half dozen cavalrymen, whom she knew to be Federals from their blue uniforms, galloped into view and passed on toward the forest. One of the group turned his horse sharply behind the concealing copse and spurred directly toward her. She had only time to throw up her hands and utter an involuntary cry of warning about the steep bank, when the horse sprang through the treacherous shrubbery and fell headlong into the stream. The rider saw his peril, withdrew his feet from the stirrups, and in an instinctive effort for self-preservation, threw himself forward, falling upon the sand almost at the young girl's feet. He uttered a groan, shivered, and became insensible. A moment or two later a band in gray galloped by wholly intent upon the Federals, who had disappeared in the direction of the woods, and she recognized her cousin, Madison Whately, leading the pursuit. Neither he, nor any of his party, looked toward her, and it was evident that the Union soldier who had so abruptly diverged from the road behind the screening copse had not been discovered. The sounds died away as speedily as they had approached, and all became still again. The startled birds resumed their songs,

the injured horse moved feebly, and the girl saw that it was bleeding from a wound, but the man at her feet did not stir. Truly something had happened. What should she do? Breaking the paralysis of her fear and astonishment, she stepped to the brook, gathered up water in her hands, and dashed it into the face of the unconscious man. It had no effect. "Can he be dead?" she asked herself in horror. He was pale as his bronzed features could become, and her woman's soul was touched that one who looked so strong, who had been so vital a moment before, should now lie there in pathetic and appealing helplessness. Was that fine, manly face the visage of one of the terrible, bloodthirsty, unscrupulous Yankees? Even as she ran to Aun' Jinkey's cottage for help the thought crossed her mind that the world was not what it had been represented to her, and that she must learn to think and act for herself.

As she approached, Chunk, Aun' Jinkey's grandson, appeared coming from the mansion house. He was nicknamed "Chunk" from his dwarfed stature and his stout, powerful build. Miss Lou put her finger to her lips, glanced hastily around, and led the way into the cabin. She hushed their startled exclamations as she told her story, and then said, "Aun' Jinkey, if he's alive, you must hide him in your loft there where Chunk sleeps. Come with me."

In a few moments all three were beside the unconscious form. Chunk instantly slipped his hand inside the soldier's vest over his heart. "Hit done beats," he said, quickly, and without further hesitation he lifted the man as if he had been a child, bore him safely to the cabin, and laid him on Aun' Jinkey's bed. "Hi, granny, whar dat hot stuff yo gib me fur de belly misery?"

Aun' Jinkey had already found a bottle containing a decoction of the wild ginger root, and with pewter spoon forced some of the liquid into the man's mouth. He struggled slightly and began to revive. At last he opened his eyes and looked with an awed expression at the young girl who stood at the foot of the bed.

"I hope you feel better now," she said, kindly.

"Are you—am I alive?" he asked.

"Dar now, mars'r, you isn't in hebin yit, dough Miss Lou, standin' dar, mout favor de

notion. Des yo took noder swaller this gin-gei-tea, en den you see me'n Chunk ain' angels."

Chunk grinned and chuckled. "Neber was took fer one in my bawn days."

The young man did as he was bidden, then turned his eyes wistfully and questioningly from the two dark visages back to the girl's sympathetic face.

"You remember," she said, "you were being chased, and turned your horse toward a steep bank, which you didn't see, and fell."

"Ah, yes,—it's all growing clear. You were the woman I caught a glimpse of."

She nodded and said: "I must go now, or some one will come looking for me. I won't speak—tell about this. I'm not on your side, but I'm not going to get a helpless man into more trouble. You may trust Aun' Jinkey and her grandson."

"Dat you kin, mars'r," Chunk ejaculated with peculiar emphasis.

"God bless you, then, for a woman who has a heart. I'm quite content that you're not an angel," and a smile so lighted up the soldier's features that she thought she had never seen a pleasanter looking man.

Worried indeed that she was returning so much later than usual, she hastened homeward. Half way up the path to the house she met a tall, slender negro girl, who exclaimed, "Hi, Miss Lou, ole miss des gettin' 'stracted 'bout you, en marster sez ef you ain' at supper in five minits he's gwine down to Aun' Jinkey en know what she mean, meckin sech 'sturbence in de fambly."

"How absurd!" thought the girl. "Being a little late is a disturbance in the family." But she hastened on, followed by the girl, who was employed in the capacity of waitress. This girl, Zany by name, resented in accordance with her own ideas and character the principle of repression which dominated the household. She threw a kiss toward the cabin under the trees and shook with silent laughter as she muttered, "Dat fer you, Chunk. You de beat'nst nigger I eber see. You mos ez bro'd ez I is high, yit you'se reachin' arter me. I des like ter kill myself lafin' wen we dance tergeder," and she indulged in a jig-step and antics behind Miss Lou's back until she came in sight of the windows, then appeared as if following a hearse.

Miss Lou entered the rear door of the long,

two-story house, surrounded on three sides by a wide piazza. Mr. Baron, a stout, bald-headed old gentleman, was fuming up and down the dining-room while his wife sat in grim silence at the foot of the table. It was evident that they had made stiff, old-fashioned toilets, and both looked askance at the flushed face of the almost breathless girl, still in her simple afternoon costume. Before she could speak her uncle said, severely, "Since we have waited so long, we will still wait till you can dress."

The girl was glad to escape to her room in order that she might have time to frame some excuse before she faced the inquisition in store for her.

Constitutional traits often assert themselves in a manner contrary to the prevailing characteristics of a region. Instead of the easy-going habits of life common to so many of his neighbors, Mr. Baron was a martinet by nature, and the absence of large, engrossing duties permitted his mind to dwell on little things and to exaggerate them out of all proportion. Indeed, it was this utter lack of perspective in his views and judgments which created for Miss Lou half her trouble. The sin of tardiness which she had just committed was treated like a great moral transgression, or rather it was so frowned upon that it were hard to say how he could show his displeasure at a more heinous offense. The one thought now in Mr. Baron's mind was that the sacred routine of the day had been broken. Often there are no greater devotees to routine than those who are virtually idlers. Endowed with the gift of persistence rather than with a resolute will, it had become second nature to maintain the daily order of action and thought which he believed to be his right to enforce upon his household. Every one chafed under his inexorable system except his wife. She had married when young, had grown up into it, and supplemented it with a system of her own which took the form of a scrupulous and periodical attention to all little details of housekeeping. There was a constant friction, therefore, between the careless, indolent natures of the slaves and the precise, exacting requirements of both master and mistress. Miss Lou, as she was generally called on the plantation, had grown up into this routine as a flower blooms in a stiff old garden, and

no amount of repression, admonition and exhortation, not even in her younger days of punishment, could quench her spirit or benumb her mind. She submitted, she yielded, with varying degrees of grace or reluctance. As she increased in years, her thoughts, as we have seen, were verging more and more toward rebellion. But the habit of obedience and submission still had its influence. Moreover, there had been no strong motive and little opportunity for independent action. Hoping not even for tolerance, much less for sympathy, she kept her thoughts to herself, except as she occasionally relieved her mind to her old mammy, Aun' Jinkey.

She came into the dining-room hastily at last, but the expression of her face was impassive and inscrutable. She was received in solemn silence, broken at first only by the long formal grace which Mr. Baron never omitted and never varied. In her rebellious mood the girl thought, "What a queer God it would be if he were pleased with this old cut-and-dried form of words! All the time uncle's saying them he is thinking how he'll show his displeasure toward me."

Mr. Baron evidently concluded that his best method at first would be an expression of offended dignity, and the meal began in depressing silence, which Mrs. Baron was naturally the first to break. "It must be evident to you, Louise," she said in a thin, monotonous voice, "that the time has come for you to consider and revise your conduct. The fact that your uncle has been kept waiting for his supper is only one result of an unhappy change which I have observed, but have forbore to speak of in the hope that your own conscience and the influence of your past training would lead you to consider and conform. Think of the precious moments, indeed I may say hours, that you have wasted this afternoon in idle converse with an old negress who is no fit companion for you! You are becoming too old——"

"Too old, aunt? Do you at last recognize the fact that I am growing older?"

With a faint expression of surprise dawning in her impassive face Mrs. Baron continued: "Yes, old enough to remember yourself and not to be compelled to recognize the duties of approaching womanhood. I truly begin to feel that I must forbid these visits to an old, ignorant and foolish creature

whose ideas are totally at variance with all that is proper and right."

"Uncle thinks I have approached womanhood sufficiently near to know something of my business affairs, and even went so far as to suggest his project of marrying me to my cousin in order to unite in sacred—I mean legal bonds the two plantations."

The two old people looked at each other and then stared at their niece, who, with hot face, maintained the pretense of eating her supper. "Truly, Louise," began Mr. Baron, solemnly, "you are indulging in strange and unbecoming language. I have revealed to you your pecuniary affairs, and I have more than once suggested an alliance which is in accordance with our wishes and your interests, in order to prove to you how scrupulous we are in promoting your welfare. We look for grateful recognition and a wise, persistent effort on your part to further our efforts in your behalf."

"It doesn't seem to me wise to talk to a mere child about property and marriage," said the girl, breathing quickly in the consciousness of her temerity and her rising spirit of rebellion.

"You are ceasing to be a mere child," resumed her uncle, severely.

"That cannot be," Miss Lou interrupted. "You and aunt speak to me as you did years ago when I was a child. Can you expect me to have a woman's form and not a woman's mind? Are women told exactly what they must think and do, like little children? Aunt threatens to forbid visits to my old mammy. If I were but five years old she couldn't do more. You speak of marrying me to my cousin as if I had merely the form and appearance of a woman and no mind or wishes of my own. I have never said I wanted to marry him or any one."

"Why, Louise, you are verging toward flat rebellion," gasped her uncle, laying down his knife and fork.

"Oh, no, uncle! I'm merely growing up. You should have kept the library locked, you should never have had me taught to read, if you expected me to become the mere shell of a woman, having no ideas of my own."

"We wish you to have ideas, and have tried to inculcate right ideas."

"Which means only your ideas, uncle."

"Louise, are you losing your mind?"

"No, uncle, I am beginning to find it, and

that I have a right to use it. I am willing to pay all due respect and deference to you and to aunt, but I protest against being treated as a child on one hand and as a wax figure which can be stood up and married to anybody on the other. I have patiently borne this treatment as long as I can, and I now reckon the time has come to end it."

Mr. Baron was thunderstruck and his wife was feeling for her smelling-bottle. Catching a glimpse of Zany, where she stood open-mouthed in her astonishment, her master said, sternly, "Leave the room!" Then he added to his niece, "Think of your uttering such wild talk before one of our people! Don't you know that my will must be law on this plantation?"

"I'm not one of your people," responded the girl, haughtily. "I'm your niece, and a Southern girl who will call no man master."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Without waiting for it to be opened, a tall, lank man entered and said, hastily, "Mr. Baron, I reckon there's news which yer orter hear toreckly." He was the overseer of the plantation.

CHAPTER III.

MAD WHATELY.

MR. BARON was one of the few of the landed gentry in the region who was not known by a military title, and he rather prided himself on the fact. "I'm a man of peace," he was accustomed to say, and his neighbors often remarked, "Yes, Baron is peaceable if he has his own way in everything, but there's no young blood in the county more ready for a fray than he for a law-suit." "Law and order" was Mr. Baron's motto, but by these terms he meant the perpetuity of the conditions under which he and his ancestors had thus far lived. To distrust these conditions was the crime of crimes. In his estimation, therefore, a Northern soldier was a monster surpassed only by the out-and-out abolitionist. While it had so happened that, even as a young man, his tastes had been legal rather than military, he regarded the war of secession as more sacred than any conflict of the past, and was willing to make great sacrifices for its maintenance. He had invested all his funds as well as those of his niece in Confederate bonds, and he had annually contributed a large portion of the product of his

lands to the support of the army. Living remote from the scenes of actual strife, he had been able to maintain his illusions and hopes to a far greater extent than many others of like mind with himself; but as the war drew toward its close, even the few newspapers he read were compelled to justify their name in some degree by giving very unpalatable information. As none are so blind as those who will not see, the old man had testily pooh-poohed at what he termed "temporary reverses," and his immunity from disturbance had confirmed his belief that the old order of things could not materially change. True, some of his slaves had disappeared, but he had given one who had been caught such a lesson that the rest had remained quiet if not contented.

The news brought by his overseer was therefore more disturbing than the strange and preposterous conduct of his niece, and he demanded excitedly, "What on earth's the matter, Perkins?"

"Well, sir, fur's I kin mek out, this very plantation's been p'luted by Yankee soldiers this very evenin'. Yes, sir."

"Great heavens! Perkins," and Mr. Baron sprang from his chair, then sank back again with an expression suggesting that if the earth opened next it could not be worse.

"Yes, sir," resumed Perkins, solemnly, "I drawed that much from Jute. He seen 'em hisself. I noticed a s'pressed 'citement en talk in the quarters this evenin', an' I folered it right up an' I ast roun' till I pinned Jute. He was over the fur side of the run lookin' fur a stray crow, an' he seen 'em. But they was bein' chased lively. Mad Whately—beg pardon—Mr. Madison was arter them with whip and spur. Didn't yer hear a crack of a rifle? I did, and reckoned it was one o' the Simcoe boys out gunnin', but Jute says hit was one o' our men fired the shot, en that they chased the Yanks to'erds the big woods. They was all mounted en goin' it lickity switch. The thing that sticks in my crop isn't them few what Mr. Madison chased, but the main body they belongs to. Looks as ef there's goin' to be a raid down our way."

"If that is so," said Mr. Baron, majestically, "Lieutenant Whately proves that our brave men are not far off, either, and the way he chased some of them shows how all the vile invaders will eventually be driven

out of the country. Be vigilant, Perkins, and let it be understood at the quarters that Lieutenant Whately is within call."

The overseer bowed awkwardly and limped away. His lameness had secured him immunity from military duty.

"Ah, that's a man for you," said Mr. Baron, glaring at his niece. "Your cousin is a true scion of Southern chivalry. That is the kind of a man you do not know whether you wish to marry or not—a brave defender of our hearths and liberties."

"If he wishes to marry me against my will, he's not a defender of my liberty," retorted the girl.

"If you had the spirit which should be your birthright your eyes would flash with joy at the prospect of seeing a hero who could thus chase your enemies from our soil. If you could only have seen him in his headlong—"

"I did see him."

"What!"

"I saw Cousin Madison leading a dozen or more men in pursuit of half a dozen. That does not strike me as sublimely heroic."

"Why haven't you told me of this? How could you have seen him?" and the old man, in his strong excitement, rose from his chair.

"My reception when I entered was not conducive to conversation. I was merely sitting by the run and saw both parties gallop past."

"You should have come instantly to me."

"I'm sure I came in hastily," she replied, crimsoning in the consciousness of her secret, "but I was met as if I had been guilty of something awful."

"Well, if I had known," began her uncle, in some confusion, mistaking her color for an expression of anger.

"I think," remarked her aunt, coldly, "that Louise should have recognized that she had given you just cause for displeasure by her tardiness, unless it were explained, and she should have explained at once. I have no patience with the spirit she is displaying."

But Mr. Baron's mind had been diverted to more serious and alarming considerations than what he characterized mentally as "a girl's tantrum."

"It makes my blood boil," he said, "to think that this Northern scum is actually in

our neighborhood, and might be at our doors but for my brave nephew. Thanks to him, they met a righteous reception on this plantation; thanks to him, in all probability, we are not now weltering in our blood, with the roof that shelters us blazing over our heads. If those marauders had found us unprotected, young woman, you would have rued the day. Their capacity for evil is only equaled by their opportunities. If your cousin had not flamed after them like an avenging sword you might have cried loudly enough for the one of whom, in your fit of unseemly petulance, you can speak so slightly. I advise you to go to your room and thank Heaven for your escape."

"Uncle, are the people of the North savages?"

"Its soldiers are worse than savages. Have you not heard me express my opinion of them over and over again? Go to your room, and when you appear again, I trust it will be with the meekness and submission becoming in a young woman."

When the girl left Aun' Jinkey's cabin the young soldier looked after her with an expression of deep interest. "Who is she?" he asked.

"Dat's Miss Lou," said the old negress, forcing into his mouth another spoonful of her fiery decoction.

"Oh, that's enough, aunty, unless you wish to burn me out like a hollow log," and he struggled to his feet to ease his tendency to strangle. "Miss Lou? How should I know who she is?"

"Ob co'se," said Aun' Jinkey, dryly, "I ain' givin' her pedigree."

"You a Linkum man, ain' yo?" Chunk asked, quickly.

"Yes, and Lincoln is a good friend of yours."

"Hi! I knows dat. W'at fer yo so hidin'-in-de-grass, granny? No use bein' dat a way wid a Linkum man."

"I ain' talkin' 'bout my young mistis to folks ez drap down fum de clouds."

"You wouldn't like me better if I came up from below, aunty. There now, I'm not a very bad fellow, and I belong to the army that's going to make you all free."

"I hasn't des tink out dis question ob bein' free yit. I'se too ole to wuk much an' old marster's took keer on me long time."

"Well, I'se tink it out," put in Chunk, decidedly; "en I'se able to wuk fur you en me too."

"You mighty peart, Chunk, co'tin' a gal like a bean-pole a'ready. I reckon she spen' all you ebermek. You betteh boos' de Linkum man inter dat ar lof sud'n, kase ef Marse Perkins cotch 'im yere we all ain' feelin' berry good bimeby."

"Dat ar truer'n preachin'," admitted Chunk, with alacrity. "Des you tek hol' ob dem ladder rouns, mars'r, an' put yo foots on my sho'lers. Dat's hit. Nobody tink ob fin'in' you yere. I'se study how ter git yo hoss out ob sight 'gin mawnin'."

"You stand by me, Chunk," said the soldier, "and you won't be sorry. There's a lot of us coming this way soon, and I can be a good friend of yours and all your people if you help me out of this scrape."

"I'se gwine ter stan' by you, boss. I'se mek up my min' ter be free dis time, sho! Hi! w'at dat?"

He was wonderfully agile, for his arms were nearly as long as his legs. In an instant he descended, drawing a trap-door after him. Then he sauntered to the door, which he opened wide. A troop of horsemen were coming single file by a path which led near the cabin, and the foremost asked in a voice which the negro recognized as that of Lieutenant Whately, "Is that you, Chunk?"

"Dat's me, mars'r. My 'specs."

"Be off, you skeleton. Make time for the house and help get supper for me and the men. If you don't run like a red deer, I'll ride you down."

"Good Lawd! w'at gwine ter hap'n nex'?" groaned Chunk, as he disappeared toward the mansion. He burst like a bomb-shell into the kitchen, a small building in the rear of the house.

"Did you eber see de likes?" exclaimed Zany. "Whar yo manners——"

"Hi, dar! talk 'bout manners! Marse Whately comin' wid a army, en want supper fer 'em all in des one minute en er haf by de clock!"

Great, fat Aunt Suke threw up her hands in despair, and in the brief silence the tramp of horses and the jingling of sabers were plainly heard. They all knew Mad Whately, and it needed not that Mrs. Baron, desperately flurried, should bustle in a few moments later with orders that all hands should fly

around. "What you doing here?" she asked Chunk, sharply.

"I'se here ter hep, mistis. Dem's my orders from Marse Whately. He come ridin' by granny's."

"Then go and kill chickens."

A few moments later the dolorous outcry of fowls was added to the uproar made by the barking dogs.

With a chill of fear Miss Lou, in her chamber, recognized her cousin's voice, and knew that he, with his band, had come to claim hospitality at his uncle's hands. What complications did his presence portend? Truly, the long months of monotony on the old plantation were broken now. What the end would be she dared not think, but for the moment her spirit exulted in the excitement which would at least banish stagnation.

In his secret heart Mr. Baron had hoped that his nephew would go on to his own home, a few miles further; for applauding him as a hero was one thing, and having him turn everything upside down at that hour another. Routine and order were scattered to the winds whenever Mad Whately made his appearance, but the host's second thoughts led him to remember that this visitation was infinitely to be preferred to one from the terrible Yankees; so he threw wide open the door, and, with his wife, greeted his nephew warmly. Then he shouted for Perkins to come and look after the horses.

"Ah, mine uncle," cried Whately, "where on earth is to be found a festive board like yours? Who so ready to fill the flowing bowl until even the rim is lost to sight, when your defenders have a few hours to spare in their hard campaigning? You won't entertain angels unawares to-night. You'd have been like Daniel in the den with none to stop the lions' mouths, or rather the jackals', had we not appeared on the scene. The Yanks were bearing down for you like the wolf on the fold. Where's my pretty cousin?"

Mr. Baron had opened his mouth to speak several times during this characteristic greeting, and now he hastened to the foot of the stairs and shouted, "Louise, come down and help your aunt entertain our guests." Meanwhile Whately stepped to the sideboard and helped himself liberally to the sherry.

"You know we must maintain discipline," resumed Whately, as his uncle entered the

dining-room. "The night is mild and still. Let a long table be set on the piazza for my men. I can then pledge them through the open window, for since I give them such hard service I must make amends when I can. Ah, Perkins, have your people rub the horses till they are ready to prance, then feed them lightly, two hours later a heavier feed, that's a good fellow! You were born under a lucky star, uncle. You might now be tied up by your thumbs, while the Yanks helped themselves."

"It surely was a kind Providence which brought you here, nephew."

"No doubt, no doubt; my good horse, also, and, I may add, the wish to see my pretty cousin. Ah! here she comes with the blushes of the morning on her cheeks," but his warmer than a cousinly embrace and kiss left the crimson of anger in their places.

She drew herself up indignantly to her full height and said, "We have been discussing the fact that I am quite grown up. I will thank you to note the change, also."

"Why, so I do," he replied, regarding her with undisguised admiration; "and old Father Time has touched you only to improve you in every respect."

"Very well, then," she replied, coldly, "I can not help the touch of Father Time, but I wish it understood that I am no longer a child."

"Neither am I, sweet cousin, and I like you as a woman far better."

She left the room abruptly to assist her aunt.

"Jove! uncle, but she has grown to be a beauty. How these girls blossom out when their time comes! Can it be that I have been absent nearly a year?"

"Yes, and your last visit was but a flying one."

"And so I fear this one must be. The Yanks are on the move, perhaps in this direction, and so are we. It was one of their scouting parties that we ran into. Their horses were fresher than ours and they separated when once in the shadow of the woods. They won't be slow, however, in leaving these parts, now they know we are here. I'm going to take a little well-earned rest between my scoutings, and make love to my cousin. Olympian humbugs! how handsome and haughty she has become! I didn't think the little minx had so much spirit."

"She has suddenly taken the notion that, since she is growing up, she can snap her fingers at all the powers that be."

"Growing up! Why, uncle, she's grown, and ready to hear me say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'"

"But the trouble is, she doesn't act as if very ready."

"Oh, tush! she isn't ready to throw herself at the head of any one. That isn't the way of Southern girls. They want a wooer like a cyclone, who carries them by storm, marries them *nolens volens*, and then they're happy. But to be serious, uncle, in these stormy times Lou needs a protector. You've escaped for a long time, but no one can tell now what a day will bring forth. As my wife, Cousin Lou will command more respect. I can take her within our lines, if necessary, or send her to a place of safety. Ah, here comes my blooming aunt to prepare for supper."

"Welcome to The Oaks," she again repeated. "Never more welcome, since you come as defender as well as guest."

"Yes, aunt; think of a red-whiskered Yank paying his respects instead of me."

"Don't suggest such horrors, please."

The gentlemen now joined Miss Lou in the parlor, while under Mrs. Baron's supervision Zany and Chunk, as gardener and man of all work, with the aid of others soon set the two tables. Then began a procession of negroes of all sizes bearing viands from the kitchen.

CHAPTER IV.

AUN' JINKEY'S POLICY.

ALLAN SCOVILLE, for such was the Union soldier's name, fully realized that he was in the enemy's country as he watched through a cranny in the cabin the shadowy forms of the Confederates file past. Every bone in his body ached as if it had been broken, and more than once he moved his arms and legs to assure himself that they were whole. "Breath was just knocked right out of me," he muttered. "I hope that's the worst, for this place may soon become too hot for me. My good horse is not only lost, but I may be lost also through him. That queer-looking darky, Chunk, is my best hope now unless it is Miss Lou. Droll, wasn't it, that I

should take her for an angel? What queer thoughts a fellow has when within half an inch of the seamy side of life! Hanged if I deserve such an awakening as I thought was blessing my eyes on the other side. From the way I ache, the other side mayn't be far off yet. Like enough hours will pass before Chunk comes back, and I must try to propitiate his grandam."

He crawled painfully to the trap-door and, finding a chink in the boards, looked down into the apartment below. Aun' Jinkey was smoking as composedly it might seem as if a terrible Yankee, never seen before, was not over her head, and a band of Confederates who would have made him a prisoner and punished her were only a few rods away. A close observer, however, might have noticed that she was not enjoying languid whiffs, as had been the case in the afternoon. The old woman had put guile in her pipe as well as tobacco, and she hoped its smoke would blind suspicious eyes if any were hunting for a stray Yankee. Chunk's pone and bacon had been put near the fire to keep warm, and Scoville looked at the viands longingly.

At last he ventured to whisper, "Aunt Jinkey, I am as hungry as a wolf."

"Hesh!" said the old woman softly. Then she rose, knocked the ashes from her pipe with great deliberation, and taking a bucket, started for the spring. In going and coming she looked very sharply in all directions, thus satisfying herself that no one was watching the cabin. Re-entering, she whispered, "Kin you lif de trap-do'?"

Scoville opened it, and was about to descend. "No, you kyant do dat," interposed Aun' Jinkey, quickly. "Lie down up dar, en I han' you Chunk's supper. He git his'n at de big house. You's got ter play possum right smart, mars'r, or you git cotched. Den we cotch it, too. You 'speck I don' know de resk Chunk en me tookin'?"

"Forgive me, Aunt Jinkey. But your troubles will soon be over and you be as free as I am."

"I doesn't want no sech freedom ez you got, mars'r, hid'n en scrugin fum tarin en rarin red-hot gallopers ez Mad Whately en his men. Dey'd des bun de ole cabin en me in't ef dey knowed you's dar. Betteh stop you mouf wid yo supper."

This Scoville was well contented to do for

a time, while Aun' Jinkey smoked and listened with all her ears. Faint sounds came from the house and the negro quarters, but all was still about the cabin. Suddenly she took her pipe from her mouth and muttered, "Dar goes a squinch-owl tootin. Dat don' mean no good."

"Aunt Jinkey," said Scoville, who was watching her, "that screech-owl worries you, doesn't it?"

"Dere's mo' kin's ob squinch-owls dan you 'lows on' mars'r. Some toots fer de sake ob tootin en some toots in warnin'."

"That one tooted in warning. Don't be surprised if you hear another very near." He crawled to the cranny under the eaves and Aun' Jinkey fairly jumped out of her chair as she heard an owl apparently hooting on the roof with a vigor and truth to nature that utterly deceived her senses. Scoville repeated the signal, and then crept back to the chink in the floor. The old woman was trembling and looking round in dismayed uncertainty. "There," he said, with a low laugh, "that squinch-owl was me, and the first you heard was one of my men. Now, like a good soul, make pones and fry bacon for five men, and you'll have friends who will take good care of you and Chunk."

"De Lawd he'p me! w'at comin nex'? Miss Lou was a wishin' sump'n ud hap'n—w'at ain' gwinter hap'n?"

"Nothing will happen to harm you if you do as I say. Our men may soon be marching this way, and we'll remember our friends when we come."

"I des hope dere'll be sump'n lef ob me ter reckermember," said Aun' Jinkey, but she rose to comply with the soldier's requirement, feeling that her only course was to fall in with the wishes of whoever happened to be uppermost in the troublous times now foreseen. She was in a terribly divided state of mind. The questions she had smoked and thought over so long now pressed with bewildering rapidity and urgency. An old family slave, she had a strong feeling of loyalty to her master and mistress. But they had been partially alienating Miss Lou, for whom she would open her veins, while her grandson was hot for freedom and looked upon Northern soldiers as his deliverers. Aun' Jinkey was not sure she wished to be delivered. That was one of the points she was not through "projekin'" about. Alas!

events would not wait for her conclusions, although more time had been given her than to many others forced to contemplate vast changes. With a shrewd simplicity she decided that it would be wise to keep on friendly terms with all the contending powers, and do what in her judgment was best for each.

"Hit des took all de 'visions we got," she remarked, disconsolately.

"You'll soon have visions of more to eat and wear than ever blessed your eyes," said Scoville, encouragingly.

"Hi! granny," said Chunk, peeping in at the door.

"How you start me!" ejaculated the old woman, sinking in her chair.

"That you, Chunk?" asked Scoville. "Is the coast clear?"

"I reckon. Keep shy yet awhile, mas'r." A few words explained the situation, and Chunk added: "You des feed dem Yankees big, granny. I'se pervide mo'. I mus' go now sud'n. Made Aun' Suke b'lebe dat I knowd ob chickens w'at roos in trees, en dey tinks I'se looking fer dem. High ole times up ter de house," and he disappeared in the darkness.

In nervous haste Aun' Jinkey prepared the ample supper. Scoville hooted again, a shadowy form stole to the cabin for the food, and disappeared again toward the run. Then Aun' Jinkey prepared to compose her nerves by another smoke.

"Hand me up a coal for my pipe, also," said Scoville, "and then we'll have a sociable time."

"I des feared en sosh'ble times dis eb'nin," remarked Aun' Jinkey.

"If you knew how my bones ached, you'd help me pass the time."

"Reckon mine ache, too, fo' I troo wid dis bus'ness."

"No, Aunt Jinkey, you won't be punished for doing a good deed. Your young mistress is on your side, any way. Who is she?"

"Young mistis ain' got no po'r ef dey fins out. She nuff ter do ter hol' 'er own."

"How comes it she's friendly to 'we uns', as you say down here?"

"She ain' friendly. You drap at her feet ez ef yo was dead, en she hab a lil gyurlish, soft heart, dat's all. Didn't she tole you dat she ain' on yo side?"

"Well, bless her heart, then."

"I circumscribe ter dat ar."

"Arn't you on our side?"

"I'se des twix an tween all de sides."

"You're all right, Aunt Jinkey. I'd trust you with my life."

"Reckon you hab ter dis ebenin'."

"Well, about Miss Lou—you say she has trouble to hold her own. How's that?"

"Dem's fambly matters."

"And so none of my business, unless she tells me herself."

"How she gwine ter tol' you tings?"

"Ah, Aunt Jinkey, you've vegetated a great while in these slow parts. I feel it in my bones, sore as they are, that some day I'll give you a new dress that will make you look like a spike of red hollyhocks. You'll see changes you don't dream of."

"My haid whirlin' now, mas'r. Hope ter grashus I kin do my wuck to-morrer in peace and quietness."

There was neither peace nor quietness at the mansion. Whately, with a soldier's instincts to make the most of passing opportunities, added to the hasty tendencies of his own nature, was not only enjoying the abundant supper, but feasting his eyes meantime on the charms developed by his cousin in his absence. He knew of his uncle's wish to unite the two plantations, and had given his assent to the means, for it had always been his delight to tease, frighten, and pet his little cousin whose promise of beauty had been all that he could desire. Now she evoked a sudden flame of passion, and his mind, which leaped to conclusions, was already engaged in plans for consummating their union at once. He sought to break down her reserve by paying her extravagant compliments, and to excite her admiration by accounts of battles in which he would not have posed as hero so plainly had he not been flushed with wine. There was an ominous fire in her eyes scarcely in accord with her cool demeanor. Unused to the world, and distrusting her own powers, she made little effort to reply, taking refuge in comparative silence. This course encouraged him and her uncle. The former liked her manifestation of spirit so long as he believed it to be within control. To his impetuous, imperious nature the idea of a tame, insipid bride was not agreeable; while Mr. Baron, still under the illusion that she was yet but a submissive child, thought that her bad mood

was passing off and would be gone in the morning. He little dreamed how swiftly her mind was awakening and developing under the spur of events. She did not yet know that her cousin was meditating such a speedy consummation of his purpose, but was aware that he and all her relatives looked upon her as his predestined wife. Now, as never before, she shrunk from the relation, and in the instinct of self-preservation resolved never to enter into it.

Her long, rebellious reveries in solitude had prepared her for this hour, and her proud, excited spirit surprised her by the intensity of its passionate revolt. Not as a timid, shrinking maiden did she look at her cousin and his men feasting on the piazza. She glanced at him, then through the open windows at their burly forms, as one might face a menace which brought no thought of yielding.

The family resemblance between Whately and herself was strong. He had her blue eyes, but they were smaller than hers, and his expression was bold, verging toward recklessness. Her look was steady and her lips compressed into accord with the firm little chin.

Mrs. Baron's ideas of decorum soon brought temporary relief. She also saw that her nephew was becoming too excited to make a good impression, so she said, "Louise, you may now retire, and I trust that you will waken to-morrow to the truth that your natural guardians can best direct your thoughts and actions."

Whately was about to rise in order to bid an affectionate good-night, but the girl almost fled from the room. In the hall she met Chunk, who whispered, "Linkum man gittin peart, Miss Lou."

"She'll be over her tantrum by morning," said Mr. Baron in an apologetic tone. "Perhaps we'll have to humor her more in little things."

"That's just where the trouble lies, uncle. You and aunt have tried to make her feel and act as if as old as yourselves. She's no longer a child; neither is she exactly a woman. All young creatures at her age are skittish. Bless you, she wouldn't be a Baron if she hadn't lots of red, warm blood. So much the better. When I've married her she'll settle down like other Southern girls."

"I think we had better discuss these mat-

ters more privately, nephew," said Mrs. Baron.

"Beg pardon, I reckon we had, aunt. My advice, however, is that we act first and discuss afterward."

"We'll talk it over to-morrow, nephew," said Mr. Baron. "Of course as guardian I must adopt the best and safest plan."

Chunk's ears were long if he was short, and in waiting on a soldier near the window he caught the purport of this conversation.

CHAPTER V.

WHATELY'S IDEA OF COURTSHIP.

WHEN waiting on the table, Zany either stood like an image carved out of black walnut or moved with the angular promptness of an automaton when a spring is touched. Only the quick roll of her eyes indicated how observant she was. If, however, she met Chunk in the hall, or anywhere away from observation, she never lost the opportunity to torment him. A queer grimace, a surprised stare, an exasperating derisive giggle, were her only acknowledgments of his amorous attentions. "Ef I doesn't git eben wid dat niggah, den I eat a mule," he muttered more than once.

But Chunk was in great spirits and a state of suppressed excitement. "'Pears ez ef I mout own myself fore dis moon done waxin en wanin," he thought. "Dere's big times comin, big times. I'se yeard w'at hap'n w'en de Yanks go troo de kentry like an ole bull in a crock'ry sto'." In his duties of waiting on the troopers and clearing the table he had opportunities of purloining a goodly portion of the viands, for he remembered that he also had assumed the rôle of host with a very meager larder to draw upon.

Since the Confederates were greatly wearied and were doubly inclined to sleep from the effects of a hearty supper and liberal potations, Mr. Baron offered to maintain a watch the early part of the night, while Perkins was enjoined to sleep with one eye open near the quarters. Mattresses and quilts were brought down and spread on the piazza floor, from which soon rose a nasal chorus, "des like," as Chunk declared, "a frog pon' en full blas."

Whately, trained in alert, soldierly ways, slept on the sofa in the parlor near his men. One after another the lights were extin-

guished, and the house became quiet. Chunk was stealing away with his plunder through the shrubbery in the rear of the house, when he was suddenly confronted by Zany. "Hi! you niggah!" she whispered, "I'se cotch yo now kyarin off nuff vittles ter keep you a mont. You gwinter run away."

"You wanten run wid me?" asked Chunk, unabashed.

"What yo took me fer?"

"Fer better er wuss, w'ite folks say. Reckon it ud be fer wuss in dis case."

"I reckon de wuss ain' fur off. I des step ter ole marster an tell 'im ter 'vestigate yo cabin dis ebnin," she said, and, with a great show of offended dignity, she was about to move away.

"Look yere, Zany, don yer be a fool. Doesn't you wanten be a free gyurl?"

"Ef you had me fer wuss I'd be des 'bout ez free ez Miss Lou w'en she mar'ed ter Mad Whately."

"Hi! you year dat, too?"

"I got eyes, en I got years, en you ain' gwinter light out dis night en lebe yo granny en we uns. I sut'ny put a spoke in yo wheel dat stop hits runnin'."

Chunk was now convinced that he would have to take Zany into his confidence. He looked cautiously around, then whispered rapidly in her ear. "Hi!" she exclaimed, softly, "you got longer head dan body."

"I kin reach ter yo lips," said Chunk, snatching a kiss.

"Stop dat foolishness," she exclaimed, giving him a slight cuff.

"Zany, keep mum ez a possum. Dere's big times comin, en no un kin hender 'em, dough dey kin git demsefs in a heap ob trouble by blarnations. De Linkum men soon gwine ter be top ob de heap en I'se gwinter be on top wid 'em. Dar you be, too, ef you stans by Miss Lou en me."

"Ve'y well, but I'se gwinter keep my eye on you, Marse Chunk."

"Reckon you will, kaze I ain' gwinter be fur off; en ef you puts yo eye on some oder man, you soon fin' he ain' dar." With this ominous assurance he stole away.

Soon afterward the hoot of an owl was heard again; shadows approached the cabin; Scoville, assisted by Chunk, joined them, and there was a whispered consultation. Scoville put the result in the following words:

"The chance is a good one, I admit. It

is quite possible that we could capture the Johnnies and their horses, but that's not what we're out for. Besides, I'm too badly broken up. I couldn't ride to-night. You must go back to camp, and leave me to follow. Chunk here has provisions for you. Better be moving, for Whately will probably be out looking for you in the morning."

So it was decided, and the shadows disappeared. Scoville was put into Aunt Jinkey's bed, the old woman saying that she would sit up and watch. Chunk rubbed the bruised and aching body of the Union scout till he fell asleep, and then the tireless negro went to the spot where the poor horse had died in the stream. He took off the saddle and bridle. After a little consideration he diverted the current, then dug a hole on the lower side of the animal, rolled him into it, and changed the brook back into its old channel. Carefully obliterating all traces of his work he returned to the cabin, bolted the door, lay down against it so that no one could enter, and was soon asleep.

The next morning dawned serenely, as if Nature had no sympathy with the schemes and anxieties to which the several actors in our little drama wakened. Whately was early on foot, for he felt that he had much to accomplish. Mr. Baron soon joined him, and the young man found in his uncle a ready coadjutor in his plans. They were both in full accord in their desires, although governed by different motives. The old man was actuated by his long-indulged greed for land, and wholly under the dominion of his belief that one of the chief ends of marriage was to unite estates. In this instance he also had the honest conviction that he was securing the best interests of his niece. No one could tell what would happen if the invaders put in an appearance, but he believed that the girl's future could best be provided for in all respects if she became the wife of a Confederate officer and a representative of his family.

Sounds of renewed life came from all directions; the troopers rolled up their blankets, and went to look after their horses; Mrs. Baron bustled about, giving directions for breakfast; Chunk and Zany worked under her eye as if they were what she wished them to be, the automatic performers of her will;

Aun' Suke fumed and sputtered like the bacon in her frying-pan, but accomplished her work with the promptness of one who knew that no excuses would be taken from either master or mistress; Miss Lou dusted the parlor, and listened stolidly to the galantries of her cousin. He was vastly amused by her reserve, believing it to be only maidenly coyness.

Breakfast was soon served, for Whately had announced to Mr. Baron his intention of scouting in the woods where the Federals had disappeared; also his purpose to visit his home and summon his mother to his contemplated wedding. He and his men soon rode away, and the old house and the plantation resumed their normal quiet aspect.

It had been deemed best not to inform Miss Lou of her cousin's immediate purpose until his plans were a little more certain and matured. Circumstances might arise which would prevent his return at once. Moreover, he had petitioned for the privilege of breaking the news himself. He believed in a wooing in accordance with his nature, impetuous and regardless at the time of the shy reluctance of its object; and it was his theory that the girl taken by storm would make the most submissive, contented and happy of wives; that women secretly admired men who thus asserted their will and strength, if in such assertion every form was complied with, and the impression given that the man was resistless because he could not resist the charms which had captivated him. "Why, uncle," he had reasoned, "it is the strongest compliment that a man can pay a woman, and she will soon recognize it as such. When once she is married, she will be glad that she did not have to hesitate and choose, and she will always believe in the man who was so carried away with her that he carried her away. My course is best, therefore, on general principles, while in this particular instance we have every reason for prompt action. Lou and I have been destined for each other from childhood, and I'm not willing to leave her to the chances of the hurly-burly which may soon begin. As my wife I can protect her in many ways impossible now."

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCE.

BY ANNA VERNON DORSEY.

BETWEEN two fields of waving grain,
Blue skies above, we paused, drew rein—
Fourscore of mounted Cavaliers—
Then for the King we gave three cheers ;
The Roundheads waited down the road ;
Bright in the sun their corselets glowed.

On a charger brave I led my men,
A gallant steed named Black Zutphen ;
He chafed and pranced as I held him tight,
Longing, as I did, for the fight.
The blood coursed through my veins like wine,
As I shouted down our eager line :

" Forward all and fight for your King !
Death for him were a noble thing.
Charge ! Doom and hell to traitor churls ! "
The summer wind blew back my curls.
I touched her neck, and with a neigh
Black Zutphen rushed into the fray.

We flashed like light, my horse and I ;
'Mid bloody shapes, and smoke, and cry,
My keen sword did its duty well—
The world reeled round me and I fell ;
The waving wheat closed o'er my head,
And on me lay Black Zutphen—dead.

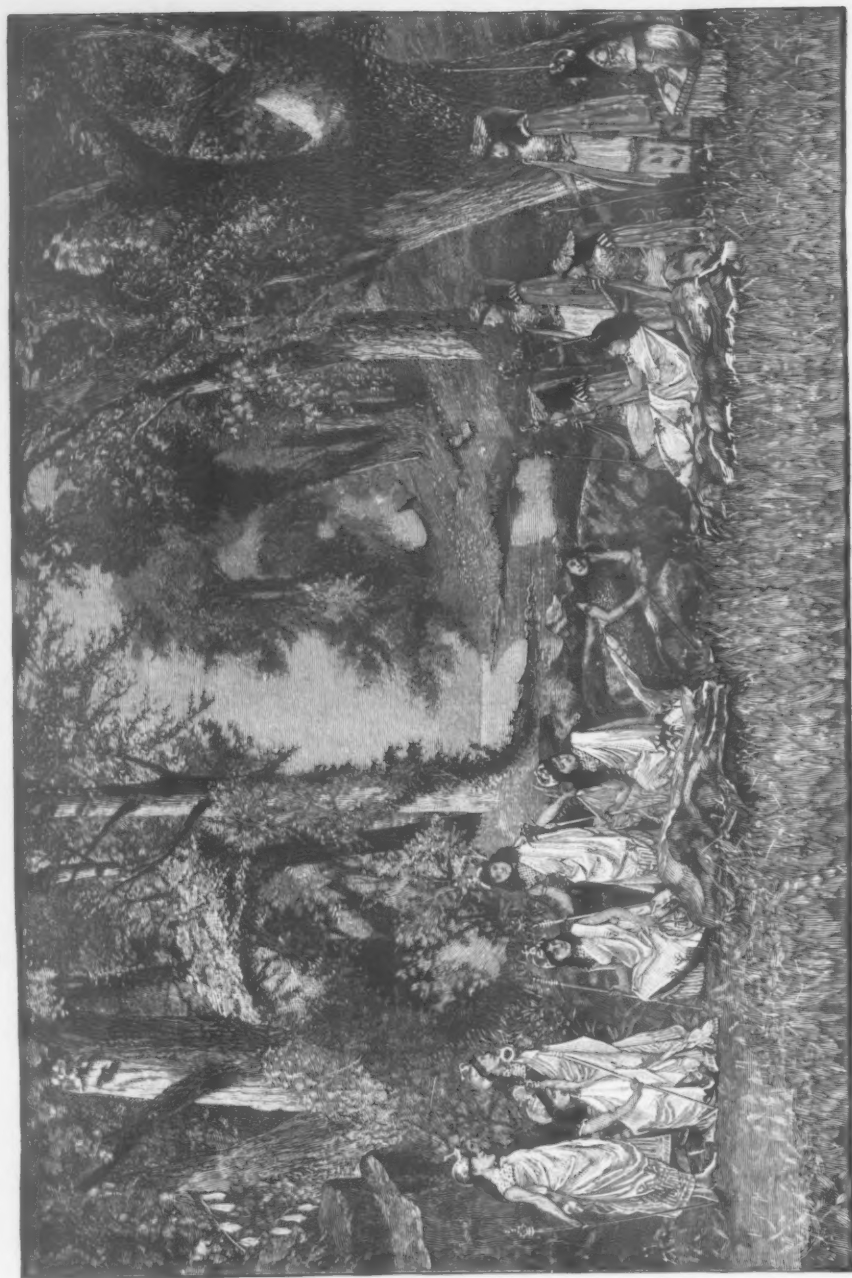
To dying eyes a face arose :
My love's, who stood at evening's close
'Neath the stone doorway ; pale and sweet
She kissed me, kneeling at her feet,
And, stifling heart-sobs, bade me go.
Her eyes were dim as I rode forth slow.

Her gold hair fanned me in the grain—
A horse-hoof thudded through my brain.

* * * * *
Two hundred years passed dark away ;
I woke upon another day,
A strange new life beyond the door :
A modern city's rush and roar.

Ah ! this dull life of desk and quill !
I long for that wild battle-thrill ;
I look in vain, but never meet
A woman half as fair or sweet
As she, whose face was but a gleam
Within a memory or a dream.





THE FAIRY COURT OF QUEEN TITANIA.